

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XXXVII. }

No. 1961.—January 21, 1882.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

FAREWELL, old year; we walk no more to-
gether;
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh,
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered
heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here in the dim light of a grey December,
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears;
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest-born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were
hidden
Under the mist that veiled thy path from
sight;
I knew not then that joy would come un-
bidden,
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the plash of icy rain,
And in that winter gloom I found no token,
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

Oh, dear old year, I wronged a Father's kind-
ness,
I would not trust him with my load of care;
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo, he bless'd me with an answered
prayer!

Good-bye, kind year, we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from thy wreath of faded fern and heather
I take some sprays, and wear them on my
heart.

Sunday Magazine.

SNOW.

WRAPPED in a dead, deep silence lie the moors,
Beneath their shroud of white. Unbroken
calm
Reigns o'er the wide expanse, whose deadness
seems
The very grave of life!

The leaden sky
Teems with its snowy burden; 'mid the furze,
With this fair, pure, white penthouse over-
head,
Crouch the packed moor-fowl and the shiver-
ing hare,
In that instinctive fellowship which comes
Of common hardship—each intent to find
Some scanty fragment for a needful meal.

Here, with knit brows, courageously, along
The scarce-distinguished path, the shepherd
plods,
Now glancing upwards at the threatening sky,
Now scanning, for some wanderer from his
flock,
The landscape round; and ever and anon,

To keep his spirits up, he whistles loud
Some tune discordant, as he picks his way.

And see! Upon the sombre forest lands,
The tall, gaunt trees stand forth like sentinels
Around a slumbering camp; their meagre
arms,
Swayed by the wind, the gathered snowflakes
shower
In powdery softness down.

The lowlands lie
Hidden beneath their snow-dress; scarce a fox
Or rabbit is astir; the famished birds
Nestle within the ivy that enshrouds
The farmhouse walls; the cattle all are stalled
Warm in the byre; and in the straw-yard
crowd
Together the plough-horses.

Snow, snow, snow,
On moor and wold, on woodland and in glade,
On city roof, on country cottage thatch,
Winter's "regalia," crisp, bright, sparkling
snow!

Chambers' Journal.

A. H. B.

"THIS MORTAL."

ARE then the fleshly bonds so strong and stern?
Must all this waiting, watching, longing,
weeping,
This passionate praying of the loved to learn,
That fevers all my waking, haunts my sleep-
ing,
Pass, powerless as a child's light-lived desire,
To sink no deeper, and to rise no higher?

My darling, oh, my darling, whose brown eyes,
Looked back such full communion into mine,
At whose dear name such happy memories
rise,
Round whose dear image such sweet fancies
twine;
Friend, guide, companion, comforter, and
brother,
Strong staff to me, to me, who have no other!

Cannot your spirit flash to mine, beloved,
Along the chords that stretch from soul to
soul?
Must nature ever as a rock unmoved,
Fling back each voice that swells the mighty
whole
Of Love's imploring cry? Since earth began,
Has not the echo risen up from man?

One little whisper, "Dear, 'tis well with me,"
One little lifting of the dim grey veil—
What nectar to the fainting it might be,
What strength to tired feet that faltering
fail!
But this I know, the law will ne'er be broken,
Or, brother, heart to heart ere this had spoken.

All The Year Round.

* C.
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Erich B

From The Fortnightly Review.

A PAGE OF DIPLOMATIC HISTORY.

M. TAINE, in the second volume of his brilliant work, "*Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*," points to the testimony of those who wrote down what took place day by day, without regard to the subsequent publication of their notes, as to that which proved most useful to him in his endeavor to reconstruct the history of the Revolution. This statement has called forth publications of every kind — biographies, correspondences, diaries — from private and public archives. The Swedish collections have proved particularly valuable. Baron Klinkowström published the important correspondence of Count Axel Fersen with Gustavus III. and his councillors, and the year 1881 brought a contribution for which we are indebted to the royal archives of Stockholm. This is the diplomatic correspondence of Baron Staël-Holstein, from 1783 to 1799, edited by L. Léouzon Le Duc,* who is already known in literature as the author of a life of Gustavus III.

Few names of the last century are more familiar than that of Staël, but hitherto it has recalled the memory of Necker's daughter, who adopted it by her marriage with the Swedish ambassador to the court of Versailles. Baron Staël himself, who enjoyed the doubtful privilege of being the husband of a celebrated woman, has hardly attracted attention, and the little known of him was not flattering. J. E. Bollmann, for example, the amiable and intelligent German doctor, who came to Paris in 1792, and saved the life of Count Narbonne after the 10th of August by guiding a daring flight to London, has nothing better to say of Baron Staël than that his wife was not married, but tied to a man who could not have invented a new dish of potatoes, much less gunpowder.†

* Correspondance diplomatique du Baron de Staël-Holstein, Ambassadeur de Suède en France, et de son successeur comme Chargé d'Affaires, le Baron Brinkmann. Documents inédits sur la Révolution (1783-1799), recueillis aux archives royales de Suède et publiés avec une introduction par L. Léouzon Le Duc. Paris, Hachette et Cie. 1881. Vol. i.

† Varnhagen v. Ense. Denkwürdigkeiten u. vermischte Schriften, 1837-1840. Vol. i., p. 161. Justus Erich Bollmann.

It must, of course, be borne in mind that Bollmann, who proved his chivalrous devotion to Madame de Staël by saving, at the risk of his own, the life of a person in whom she was so much interested, cannot be implicitly trusted when speaking of her husband. But another contemporary, and quite a first-rate observer, Morris, the American statesman, speaks of the Swedish ambassador as of a man unfit to be intrusted with a serious negotiation.* The correspondence published by Léouzon Le Duc, which affords for the first time an opportunity of testing these judgments, by no means confirms their severity. Staël does not belong to that class of great, high-minded statesmen, who in the midst of fermenting ideas and stormy times shape their own course and keep their end steadily in view. His mistake, like that of so many others, was to believe in the realization of dreams and hopes, which, happily for mankind, did not all prove idle. When we reflect how extremely limited in number those were who did not succumb to the influences of that time, it is hardly fair to reproach Staël with not having been one of the exceptions. On the other hand, he possessed keen powers of observation and an exceedingly accurate knowledge of the position of affairs. He understood how to make the most of his sources of information, and carried independence of thought to the length of resistance, and even of rebellion, against his own government. If he shared the opinions of Necker's circle, it was by no means because he submitted to its intellectual ascendancy, but because his political convictions moved on the same lines, at least as long as Necker remained in power. As late as the autumn of 1789 the political party which he considered most honest and trustworthy was the constitutional group led by Mounier, of whom he says that, although it was he who had inaugurated the movement in Dauphiné, he had already become one of the most moderate. But while thus admiring him, Staël failed to perceive the principle of his

* Jared Sparks's Life of Governor Morris, with selections from his correspondence. Vol. ii., p. 247.

whole political system. "Mounier," he wrote, "is as adverse to aristocracy as the most resolute democrat; but, convinced as he is of the necessity of a monarchy, and of a strong executive for the maintenance of order in France, he is a passionate admirer of the English Constitution, two chambers, the absolute veto, and, in a word, of quite a different order of things from what is desired here. . . . However sound the arguments in support of these views may be, Mounier ought to give them up because they are impracticable. The hatred of aristocracy is so strong that a second chamber would always be considered its refuge." These concluding words serve to show that the views of Staël did not rest on the basis of a sound political doctrine, and how it came to pass that, after fully sympathizing with the moderate party in 1780, he was driven into the ranks of their antagonists, when the tide turned against them. Like so many others, from his friend Lafayette down to the lowest orator of the Palais Royal, he failed to discriminate between the deservedly despised nobles, who hung about the court at Versailles, and the true aristocratic elements in the country. Those elements, which comprised the great landowners, the magistracy, the clergy, the haute finance, could have brought to the public service high character, political experience, and intellectual training, which no government can dispense with. So little were they opposed to reform that they actually inaugurated the movement. Staël acknowledges this well-known fact when he says that "the French Revolution was begun by the resistance of the nobility, the clergy, and the Parliaments." He also reminds his sovereign that "monarchy is impossible without the rights of nobility and a political hierarchy." But when it comes to a practical test, and he has to advise on the situation, he loses sight of these truths and contradicts himself. The original mistake of confounding those who enjoyed the worn-out privileges of the *ancien régime* with the necessary supports of constitutional monarchy recurs over and over again. In September, 1791, he writes to Gustavus III., "It cannot be

too often repeated that the Revolution is directed against the nobility, and not against the throne. The king has been insulted as the protector of the nobility, rather than as head of the executive. . . . If he consents to separate his cause from that of the aristocracy, he is sure of the support of the whole country." The immediate future contradicted this assertion. After all the foundations of society had been destroyed to gratify mere theory, and all barriers between the throne and the people removed, the king fell. It was not Baron Staël but Morris the republican who proved right in insisting from the very beginning of the Revolution on the necessity of reverence for the sovereign, respect for acquired rights, and prudence, not only in the choice of the end to be aimed at, but also in the selection of the means by which it was to be attained.

However, in the case of Staël, the error of the statesman enhances the value of the witness. If his despatches had been written by a defender of the old system, a champion of the reigning classes, or an upholder of the theory of the division of powers under a strong monarchy, they would have been received with great reserve. As the testimony of a man who twice sacrificed his brilliant position to his predilection for democratic institutions, they are above suspicion when they confirm on nearly every page the letters of Jefferson and Morris, the foresight of Pitt and Washington, the prophetic warnings of Burke, or the conclusions of Tocqueville, Lavergne, and Taine. The agreement is so striking that sometimes the mind seems to be laboring under a delusion, and to be dealing with a literary work of yesterday instead of with a narrative written eighty years ago. Taine says in a well-known passage on the situation after the 14th of July, "It was not the destruction of one government to make room for another, but a government which fell, to be replaced by the despotism of the mob." Staël, speaking of the same events, writes to Gustavus III.: "Since the executive has been entirely taken out of the king's hands by the refusal of the troops to act against their

fellow-subjects, anarchy reigns in his stead. The people alone command and are obeyed, for they carry out their own sentences." Malouet did not express himself more clearly when he said that "to every unprejudiced mind the Reign of Terror dates from the 14th of July."

When the new sovereign, the people, extended its sway over the National Assembly, dictated its orders from the tribunes, or extorted their enactment by armed gangs from the terror of the representatives, Staël characterized the situation in these words: "Hitherto anarchy has been considered a condition of the Revolutionary situation; it is now a consequence of the institutions themselves." These few remarks may tend to prove that Staël's statements would have met with deserved attention had they not been made known so much later than those of most of his contemporaries. Even now, however, no historian who has to deal with the times of the Revolution will pass him by unnoticed, and therefore it may not prove useless to get better acquainted with his life and fortunes.

Erich Magnus Baron Staël served in his youth in the Swedish army, from which he retired in 1776, in order to become one of the queen's chamberlains, and at the age of twenty-nine was appointed secretary to the Swedish embassy at Paris. His chief, Count Creutz, informed Gustavus III. that the young diplomat was exceedingly well received there, *réussit admirablement*, and patronized by the Countess Jules de Polignac, Mesdames de Gontaut, De la Marck, De Boufflers, and others, then at the head of society. He is described at this period as a man of sympathetic appearance, well informed, but more painstaking than brilliant. A few years later he secured the favor of the court, which was the best passport to that of his own sovereign, whose sympathies for everything French, and chivalrous admiration and friendship for Marie Antoinette caused him to follow with the greatest interest everything that went on in France. Staël did not allow these advantages to escape him. Although a member of an ancient house, illustrious in the history of its country,

he had no fortune. As early as 1781 his attention was directed to Anne Germaine, Necker's only daughter, then in her sixteenth year, but already much courted, and heiress to a fortune which, for those days, was enormous. Matrimonial alliances between the highest nobility and the great financial houses had never been unusual in France; a young man in the position of Staël could therefore hardly aspire to the hand of Mlle. Necker, were it not that her creed excluded the majority of desirable suitors in a country where Protestants were only beginning to recover civil rights and equality. But even under the constellations as they then stood, Staël could not hope for success without the expectation of succeeding Creutz and without powerful protection. He received this from Madame de Boufflers and from the queen herself, who, in a letter to Gustavus III., expressed her desire to see Staël fixed at Paris. The king, however, hesitated, and, as it appeared later, had other projects in view. He wished to appoint his favorite, Baron Taube, ambassador at Paris; and Count Creutz, who was recalled in 1783 and placed at the head of the Swedish government, had to remind him in firm but respectful language of the displeasure with which any other than Staël would be received by the French court. The king, who got subsidies from France, which he neither could nor would dispense with, was induced to give way. Before the end of 1783 Staël was minister plenipotentiary, then ambassador, and on the 24th of November, Gustavus III., then travelling in Italy, wrote to him: "If you marry Mlle. Necker you will be the richest nobleman of your country, and can say like Cæsar, better be first there than second in Rome;" and on the 17th of December: "Try to succeed, and I myself will go to Paris to sign your marriage contract." Madame de Boufflers then summed up the conditions of the Neckers: the embassy at Paris for life; twenty-five thousand francs a year in case unforeseen events should deprive him of it; and the promise never to take his wife to Sweden for any length of time, and never without her consent. These con-

ditions were acceded to. But by the time Gustavus reached Paris in 1784, on his way home from Italy, new difficulties had arisen, and he saw nothing of the Neckers, who had gone for the summer to their country house at Coppet, near Geneva. The protracted negotiations had led to the formation of other plans, to which we need not allude except to say that on the list of pretenders for the hand of Mlle. Necker, which includes the great name of Pitt, were those of two fellow-countrymen of Staël's, Count Axel Fersen and Count Stedingk. These two young friends of King Gustavus had recently returned from America, where they had taken part in the War of Independence. They were both officers in the Swedish army, and also in the French foreign regiment, the Royal Suédois. Stedingk had distinguished himself at the storming of Savannah and was represented on the Paris stage in a play in which this feat was dramatized, and it was much noticed that Mlle. Necker also celebrated it in verse. This little intermezzo, however, did not go further, and Stedingk became afterwards Swedish ambassador at St. Petersburg. But it only rested with his friend and brother-in-arms, whose refined and somewhat melancholy appearance obtained for him the name of *le beau Fersen*, to press his suit and win the prize. A letter addressed to him by Gustavus in June, 1785, shows how much the king would have liked it. "If I am to believe the newspapers," he wrote, "you are about to make a great *parti* which poor Staël seems not to have been able to manage. This does not surprise me. There are a hundred reasons why Necker should prefer you to any one else; among these, your fortune is not the least in the eyes of a banker. Still I doubt it, knowing as I do your aversion to marriage and your predilection for English ladies." The king was right, and Fersen died unmarried.

That which finally determined the Neckers to consent to the marriage with Staël was the circumstance that it would not involve the separation of the future Madame de Staël from her parents and Paris society, a condition which proved so essential for her happiness her whole life through. The marriage was celebrated on the 14th of January, 1786. Besides her fortune she brought her husband literary distinction as the authoress of "Letters on Rousseau," and, although no beauty, the blooming freshness of twenty. Nearly all her contemporaries thought

Madame de Staël plain, yet they never fail to tell how they were won by the expression of her splendid eyes, and still more by an undefinable charm which made them forget her want of beauty. It was chiefly due to the circumstance that this female genius was exceedingly good-natured, with an excellent heart, and above all, simple and natural. Twenty years later she produced the same impression at Weimar, and it is this distinctive quality which explains the lasting devotion of her friends.

Nothing, therefore, was wanting to make her marriage happy as well as brilliant, except that she had neglected to consult her own heart. Staël's friends all declared that he entertained for his wife not merely a passing affection, but a lasting feeling of love, to which she did not respond. One of them, Reuterholm, wrote in 1793: "Although his amiable wife is far from friendly to him, Staël has never ceased to remain devoted to her." This is confirmed by a letter of Staël's to Reuterholm, which, in other respects, is not without interest.

The characteristic note of the eighteenth century in its decline is a predilection for things mystical and mysterious. In some it showed itself in religious sentimentalism, in others in a hankering after secret societies and superstitious usages, which sound religious instruction would have taught a child to despise. The want of the supernatural, so long derided and denied, led to a craving for hidden mysteries and to a belief in new prophets, of whom the most eminent, the theosophist St. Martin, marks the culmination of a line of thought, at the lowest point of which stands the impostor Cagliostro. In common with the philosophers of the eighteenth century, the adepts in this movement substituted the idea of happiness for that of duty, and preferred to play with emotion rather than submit to rigid rules of conduct. In this respect Gustavus III. was the true son of his time; he consulted adventures, believed in signs and wonders, and while in Rome occupied himself with plans for rebuilding the Temple of Jerusalem. Similar lines of thought may be traced in Staël. The language which he uses in his letter to Reuterholm is of the pietistic character, so common among Protestants of that day. He complains of want of humility, prays for faith, mourns that the old Adam is not dead, and declares himself worn out with sorrow and tears. "What I suffer now," he

concludes, "I have well deserved, and it is a special grace of God that I am not not tried more bitterly. But I am punished in my heart, and, notwithstanding my wickedness, I think my heart is good. Pray for my wife; may she never know the tortures I have suffered, and suffer still." Even without the passage last quoted, it would not be difficult to guess of what kind the trials were which drove him to seek comfort from above. Compared to these lamentations the following passage, which his young wife writes about "Emile," seems cold enough: "Virtue is not, like glory, an object of emulation; those who strive for one brook no equals; those who seek after the other relax their efforts occasionally, when they meet with comrades in idleness." And the following remark is perhaps still more striking: "Quant on renonce aux charmes de la vertu, il faut au moins avoir tous ceux que l'abandon du cœur peut donner."

From this time the family life of Staël hardly requires mention. He and his wife were frequently separated. They met only from time to time, at Paris or at Coppet, and their internal union was not renewed. They remained independent of each other in politics and literature, and Madame de Staël, who used to send to the king of Sweden a so-called "*bulletin des nouvelles*" evidently had no share in her husband's political correspondence. Still, the real interest of this correspondence dates from his marriage, which coincides with the portentous events which formed the prologue to the drama of the Revolution.

In the spring of 1787 Calonne had completed the ruin of the finances, and was replaced by Loménie de Brienne, the candidate of the queen. What hopes he excited may be estimated from the fact that even Necker's son-in-law declared his appointment an excellent one, and praised not only his talents, but particularly his strength of will. The king, he says, chose him out of fear. "The panic was so great that, driven by the necessity for government, they had to throw themselves into the arms of the archbishop." A few months later all was changed, and the same man accused of incapacity and weakness, "which," according to Staël, "is the chief fault of a nation like the French, which has lost nearly all sense of patriotism, and lives under the delusion that great things can be accomplished without sacrifice." His sympathies went

with the notables, who, he contends, more than realized public expectation.

During all these years the language of Staël about the queen is favorable. In April, 1785, he says, "Her prudence gives her such superiority that the most artful intrigue is powerless to damage her." When at the same time Necker's newly published book, "*Sur l'Administration des Finances*," gave rise to violent attacks upon its author, Marie Antoinette is said to have spoken warmly in his favor to the king. A year later Staël writes, alluding to the conclusion of the *procès du collier*, which had given the queen no satisfaction for the insult she had received: "It is a pity that there is not a single trustworthy adviser about her, for, with amiable qualities, she combines requisite resolution to follow the right path, if only some one would point it out to her. It appears that her usual society has no special regard for her. At this moment the Polignacs and M. de Vaudreuil are on the side of the cardinal, and the Comte d'Artois shows the greatest interest in him. On the whole I am not of opinion that the queen meets with the sympathy she deserves. Even her desire to please is not prized as it would be in an ordinary lady." Unfortunately Baron Staël himself was destined to be one of those who contributed to fill the measure of injustice prepared for the queen. He had nothing but praise for the bright, thoughtless hostess of Versailles and Trianon. But after agony and suffering had changed and disfigured Marie Antoinette to a degree which wrung from her bitterest enemies expressions of admiration, Staël became a severe critic of the conduct of her who had helped him to obtain what his heart most coveted. No political antagonism can remove the reproach of ingratitude which clings to his conduct towards her.

At the close of 1787 Staël points to public opinion as the power which really limited political authority, and constituted the difference between monarchy and despotism more efficiently than the Parliaments. The general desire for a revolutionary change had become so intense, that the choice of a good administrator was positively feared, because it would postpone the crisis. We know from others how public opinion was chiefly formed in the *salons* of Paris, and above all in that of Madame de Staël. Jefferson, then American minister in France, wrote to his government that the frivol-

ities of conversation had given way to political discussion. "Men, women, and children," he adds, "talk of nothing else, and all, as you know, talk a great deal. The press groans with daily productions which in point of boldness make an Englishman stare." This state of affairs and the necessity of providing supplies to meet an expenditure of a million livres a day, brought about the second ministry of Necker. His appointment was received with the same demonstrations of joy as fifteen months before greeted the nomination of the Archbishop of Toulouse, who was now burnt in effigy. Staël says, nobody doubted the new minister would regenerate France, that public confidence in him was boundless, and that his genius, moderation, and moral bearing secured for him indescribable popularity. After stating that Necker owed his position not only to the desire of the nation, but also to that of the queen, he makes the important admission that the first few months of his father-in-law's administration passed over as honest men could wish: "that intrigue did not interfere in any way with his conduct of affairs, although they proved more difficult than could have been foreseen."

The motive which had induced the court to meet the wishes of the people was soon made clear. The queen had for years desired to see Loménie at the head of the government, and had at last succeeded, with the approval of the nation. When opinion changed, she did not change with it, but continued to believe in the capacity of the minister of her choice. Open resistance was out of the question, but it was more than probable that the fickle multitude would behave towards Necker as it had done to the archbishop. Therefore Necker was appointed, in the certain hope that his popularity would fade more rapidly than that of his predecessor. But instead of trusting to the action of time, the court in its blind impatience rushed headlong to destruction. The attempt to displace Necker would have alone sufficed to make Staël an adversary of the queen; but in the mean time the foreign policy of his own country took a turn which relieved him from the necessity of taking into consideration the personal feelings of his king for the French court. In 1788 Gustavus III. commenced a war with Russia under favorable auspices, for Catherine II. was then engaged in her second Turkish war. But at the moment when St. Petersburg seemed in danger of being captured by

the Swedes, Gustavus saw his plans thwarted by mutiny among his own officers. They considered the war, which had been begun by the king on his own responsibility, as an invasion of the privileges of the nobility and an encroachment on constitutional rights, and actually opened negotiations with the empress. In this crisis of his affairs nothing remained for the king but to place himself, very much against his own convictions, at the head of the commons, a policy which in the end led to his tragic death. He also desired to substitute a Russo-French-Austrian alliance for the friendly relations of Sweden with England and Prussia. Staël, a decided enemy of Russia, had tried to secure the pen of Mirabeau, and did succeed in obtaining the advocacy of Mallet du Pan in defence of the war with that country. He now feared the influence of Marie Antoinette in favor of the change of front of his king, and in order to counteract it he wrote to Gustavus in January, 1789: "I should be acting against my conscience and not as a faithful servant of your Majesty, were I to conceal that a French alliance in the present position of affairs would be at best useless. England and Prussia are the only two powers at the present moment that can keep Russia in check, whereas France is paralyzed by its internal state." This chanced to be confirmed by Necker a few days later, when he declared that discipline did not exist any more in France, and that the troops could no longer be depended upon.

The meeting of the States-General was preceded by famine throughout the country, by rioting, and by organized attacks on property. Staël acknowledges that the inaugural discourse of Necker did not come up to his expectations, and a few weeks afterwards he considered the spirit which animated the States far from being a good one, more regard being shown to personal interests than to the public welfare. He tells us how Necker never ceased to explain to the wavering king that there were two courses open to him: either to come to an understanding with the court, the clergy, and the Parliaments, who seemed to agree that the States-General were not required, and to select a ministry able and willing to carry out their policy; or, if he shrank, as he well might, from the terrible responsibility of such a course, then to put himself at the head of the movement and try and guide it. "But," as Staël wrote, "he had no force of character to make up his mind,

either for good or bad. M. Necker prevents much evil, and has to be satisfied with this pale glory." Even this modest appreciation of his father-in-law's usefulness was not free from illusion. Morris even then perceived that the popularity of Necker depended rather on the opposition he met with from one party than on any serious regard of the other. "It is the attempt to throw him down that saves him from falling. If they were not afraid of consequences he would be dismissed." A few days more and these consequences were no longer regarded. Necker was overthrown, and the State and the monarchy brought to the verge of the abyss. At this moment Staël was, without reserve, on the popular side. The indignities offered to the crown, the humiliation of the king, who had to make such an *amende honorable* at the Hôtel de Ville as, in the words of the democratic and radical Jefferson, "no sovereign ever made and no people ever received," all failed to soften him. He kept repeating to his own government that the minds of men were so excited, the new ideas so widely spread, every town in the kingdom so completely on the side of the *tiers*, that nothing could hinder the march of the Revolution, which, he insisted, threatened the privileged classes rather than the monarchy. During the few days of the reaction he had felt his own position shaken, and had written to his sovereign that he was sure the queen of France desired he should be replaced by Fersen. At the same time he expresses himself as feeling secure, not so much on account of the promise of his king, to which he did not intend to hold him, as on account of his confidence in the sense of justice of Gustavus and in his repeated assurance of approval. Soon after, the conduct of the Assembly drove Staël to admit that perhaps, after all, those were right who thought France unfit for free institutions. "No sooner did the representatives of the people," he wrote, "realize that they had the power in their hands, than far from endeavoring to moderate the passions of one party or the humiliations of the other, they did what they could to stimulate excitement. Instead of securing for the king powers which were necessary to put an end to lawlessness, they waste their time in useless debates." Things had now come to a pass, when, as Taine expresses it, the authority which had slipped out of the hands of the king had not been caught by the Assembly, but had fallen on the ground. The keenest

observers on the spot were too near to perceive this clearly; they merely felt the ground shaking. Then came the sixth of October. That terrible day gave a specimen of what might be expected from the frivolity, violence, and immorality of the time. "The cruelty shown to the unhappy victims," Staël wrote, "exceeds imagination. People speak of blood and murder as formerly of a theatrical performance. While I write, there is a talk of setting fire to Paris. Several houses, among them my own, have been marked out for destruction." It was only a few days before that he had made a violent attack on Marie Antoinette. He accused her of wishing to be rid of Necker, whom, he said, she first got appointed, afterwards unworthily betrayed, and who was then her best safeguard. Now, after the horrors of that October day, even he had to acknowledge that the queen's heroic character had caused the hearts of men to turn towards her. The sight of the captive king and of the queen, who, by the merest chance, had just escaped assassination within the walls of her own palace, made so deep an impression on Staël's friend, Mounier, that he started off for Dauphiné with Lally Tollendal, resolved to provoke civil war rather than submit to the decrees of an Assembly which could no longer legislate in freedom. Rumor now talked of the dismissal of Necker and of the appointment of Mirabeau, but according to Staël, what kept Mirabeau back was "the feeling that he could not compete with Necker, and the knowledge that the latter would never consent to remain in the same ministry with him." This egregious mistake about the talent and strength of Mirabeau is matched by another equally gross about Talleyrand, who was also spoken of as a possible minister. "I think him," he writes, "far removed from all intrigues, and much too clever to wish to supersede Necker at a moment when everything is in a state of chaos. I am persuaded, therefore, there is nothing to fear from the Bishop of Autun." During those very same days Morris had some conversations with Talleyrand on that identical subject, and wrote to Washington: "The getting rid of Necker is a *sine quâ non* with the bishop, who wants his place. . . . He tells me that, in his opinion, no administration can work well in which M. Necker has a share." The adroitness of Talleyrand in misleading Necker's friends and family is all the more remarkable from the circumstance that he was a daily visitor in the

salon of Madame de Staël, and one of her great admirers.

Notwithstanding these errors with regard to individuals, Staël saw clearly enough that although, at the beginning of 1790, the shadow of what authority remained was in the hands of Necker and Lafayette, nevertheless it was hopeless to expect success for the financial reforms of the comptroller-general, because the executive was no longer strong enough to carry them through. He persisted, however, in spite of all things, in believing that the best chance for Louis XVI. was to put himself at the head of the Revolution, and as he had lost all legal authority, "he should strain every nerve to reconquer the power of love, which would win everything for him." In our days such words would seem idle declamation, unsuited to the serious business of public life. Then they were quite in harmony with the over-excited feelings of the age, and with its delight in melodramatic situations.

Six months later the alliance between Necker and Lafayette was a thing of the past, and the latter gave up pretending to defend the wreck of royal prerogative. Three years previously, his friend and admirer, Jefferson, had said of him that his *faible* was a canine appetite for popularity and fame; but he would get over this. Now, in 1790, Staël describes him as unable to sacrifice popularity. "Un pauvre scélérat qui heureusement ne sait l'être qu'à demi." Fersen wrote to Gustavus III., giving the key-note of the extreme right. Compared with him, the honest, much less brilliant, and hardly less vain Necker rose superior to popular applause. But he had no longer power, either for good or harm. "We make ministers," said his personal adversary, Mirabeau, "with the same object as we used to send our servants to the play-house, to keep our places for us." And Sieyès, whom Madame de Staël "called the Newton of politics," described her father as merely an accomplished accountant, with poetical views and aspirations. When at last his ministry came to an end, and he retired to private life unnoticed and unregretted, his friends endeavored once more to cast the blame upon the queen.

Staël compares Paris in 1791 to a mine on the point of exploding. More than a thousand houses were uninhabited, their inmates for the most part had fled the country, and there was a general feeling of uneasiness. Gustavus III. warned his

ambassador that he would keep him in favor in proportion as the royal family of France were convinced of the sympathy and devotion of Sweden. Staël's reply explains his position. He reminds his sovereign how the friendships of the queen of France had failed him during his Russian war, and then goes on to say: "If I moderated the expression of my indignation against the new tyrants who are overturning the throne, it was because I deemed it the interest of your Majesty to bide your time. I confess it is improbable that these men should modify their opinions and recur to a more healthy view of politics and real freedom. But should such a state of things come about, it is advisable not to exclude the possibility of negotiating, especially as they are never tired of repeating that the Swedish alliance is more desirable for France than any other. It is more than probable that I should have received overtures in that sense long ago, if horror of usurpation had not hampered my intercourse with them." In other words, while every effort of Gustavus III. was directed to the organization of the coalition against revolutionary France, whose commander-in-chief he expected to be, his ambassador was in relation with the republican party and thwarting the plans of his sovereign.

This was the state of affairs when a new episode, hitherto unnoticed by historians, attracted the unsteady mind of the king of Sweden. On the 14th of August, 1790, he made peace at Werelä with the empress, in which the *status quo ante* was re-established. Hostilities, however, were not suspended between Russia and Turkey for a year later, and the Poles took advantage of the interval to make another effort to settle their affairs. Their new constitution embodied the principle of hereditary monarchy, and the right of succession to the crown was conferred on the elector of Saxony. In Poland this arrangement met with only limited approval, but it was supported by Austria, whose interests it promoted. The Prussian government, for reasons of its own, would have preferred either the Duke of Brunswick or the Duke of Södermanland. But as the new constitution maintained the Roman Catholic faith as the exclusive religion of the nation, the very first step of any Protestant prince must necessarily have been to join the Catholic communion.

Gustavus III., the head of the Lutheran Church, seems not to have given a thought to this vital condition when in

January, 1791, he instructed Staël to urge upon Count Potocki, the Polish ambassador at Paris, the propriety of selecting himself as the successor of Poniatowski. The Potocki family, however, had been gained for the Saxon candidature, and Staël had to inform his master, not without a touch of irony, that he had better seek other means "to forward his great and brilliant schemes." These were not to be found, and Gustavus returned with undivided energy to the idea of a coalition.

Henceforth, the unequal struggle between the king and his ambassador can be traced in nearly every despatch; but while the latter continued to defend his policy of non-intervention, he was forced to describe events which acted on the king as spurs on a noble steed. On the 18th of April, 1791, Louis XVI., accompanied by the queen, set out for St. Cloud in order to receive the sacraments at Easter from the hands of a non-juring clergyman. But the mob, who had been informed of his intention, surrounded his carriage, insulted him for hours, and finally forced him to return to the Tuileries. "Hitherto," says Staël, "a sort of reverence for the person of the king cutlived his authority; on that 18th of April this, too, was destroyed. This was no haphazard rioting; it was Paris which proclaimed that the king had broken faith, and left him to choose between abdication and submission. Thrice Lafayette ordered the National Guard to open a passage for the king, and thrice he was disobeyed. He has resigned to-day, but he should have broken his sword when his troops refused to act. As for the king, he can only save his life either by leaving Paris or by becoming more revolutionary than Barnave. The appearance of a foreign army on the frontier would only render the misfortune complete." Staël did not overrate the significance of those events. They sealed the fate of the royal family. Henceforth the idea of flight took a more definite shape, till at last it was attempted with the connivance of Gustavus III. and the help of Fersen, and led to the consequences with which we are all acquainted. Staël was kept completely in the dark about it. In the apparent resignation of Louis XVI., he merely saw the indication of a turn to the policy he advocated. On the very eve of the 21st of June he renewed his assurances to his sovereign that some of the most influential of the revolutionary leaders were favorable to a treaty which

would be exceedingly advantageous to Sweden, and that the sole difficulty was the well-known aversion of Gustavus for their principles. When next day he heard of the flight of the king, and that it had been undertaken at the instigation of his own sovereign, his indignation was boundless. He reported in due course the state of Paris, and how it was lucky for Fersen to have escaped, that the excitement was indescribable, and that he had had reason to fear for his personal safety. In his next letter, after describing the return of the royal family, he thus concludes: "It is simply impossible to imagine a more frightful and heartrending scene. I pity from the bottom of my heart those unfortunate persons who induced the king to adopt a plan as crude as it was dangerous. The health of the queen has suffered grievously." Who the persons alluded to were, Gustavus III. knew but too well. Fersen wrote on his side to Marie Antoinette: "Staël says that I have ruined you and the king, and that ambition has prompted my action. He is right, I had the ambition to serve you, and for the rest of my life I shall regret that I did not succeed."

From this time the relations between Gustavus and Staël became positively inimical. On the 30th of June the ambassador complained that he was left without instructions, to the great detriment of the public service, and irritated his king still more by praising the consideration of the Assembly for Louis XVI. In July he received warning to keep aloof from certain persons whose influence he seemed unable to resist; he replied that, in that case, he must give up the attempt of getting reliable information, insisted that the constitution could not last, that a combination of circumstances might make the king more powerful than ever, and recommended Gustavus to prepare for the impending change, and seek the alliance of France instead of Russia. The king rejected this advice with contempt, and his secret diplomacy, represented by Fersen, kept repeating to Marie Antoinette, "La Suède se sacrifiera pour vous." Thus the year 1791 drew to its close. One of the last despatches written by Staël to his king contains a paragraph in which, alluding to the reorganization of the French army, he passes a glowing eulogy on Narbonne, the new minister of war, the character of whose relations with Madame de Staël was well known in Paris society. At the end of January he was suddenly recalled. He left Paris on the

5th of February, and arrived at Stockholm just in time to witness the murder of his ill-fated sovereign, whose tragic end, within the walls of a theatre, was not entirely out of keeping with his adventurous, chivalric conception of kingship.

This catastrophe altered the position of Staël. His views were now in the ascendant. Charles, Duke of Södermanland, who became regent during the minority of Gustavus Adolphus IV., adopted his policy and refused to send troops against revolutionary France. Staël was ordered back to Paris in the autumn of 1792, with instructions to negotiate for subsidies, in order that Sweden might be able to defend her neutrality and hold her own against Russia. This was a secret mission. Reuterholm, the confidential adviser of the duke regent, alone knew of it. At this date the published correspondence comes to an end, and we are dependent on other sources for information about Staël. On his way to Paris he stopped at Brussels, and it was there he heard of the execution of the king of France, and resolved in consequence to postpone his journey. Shortly afterwards he received a letter from the duke regent, that the murder of Louis XVI. and the horrors that were taking place in Paris had so revolted mankind, that it was impossible to touch the French alliance without exposing Sweden to the just indignation of Europe. The regent concluded with expressing a hope that negotiations might be reopened in happier times. Staël ignored all this, and had reason to expect the approval of his government if he succeeded in his mission, even in contradiction to his formal instructions. He went on to Paris after having had an interview with Dumouriez, who encouraged him to proceed. When he arrived, he was received with extraordinary distinction; Le Brun, the minister of foreign affairs, met him with the most favorable propositions, but the news of the rising in Vendée and the defeat of Dumouriez at Neerwinden on the 18th of March, caused the negotiations to be broken off. Staël now received repeated warnings from the Foreign Office at Stockholm to keep quiet. When the Swedish government was questioned by the powers as to the capacity in which Staël was in Paris, it gave the invariable reply that he had only been accredited to Louis XVI., and that private business detained him in France. In reality, he was actively negotiating, and on the 16th of May the preliminaries of a treaty be-

tween France and Sweden were drawn up with the approval of the Committee of Public Safety and forwarded to Stockholm by special messenger. Two years previously Gustavus III. had warned his ambassador to avoid dangerous influences, and Staël had replied that his sole object was to become acquainted with the plans of various parties, while keeping aloof from them all. This is just what he had not done; his sympathies had drawn him more and more to the side of the ultra-revolutionists, and in the spring of 1793 his political ally and confidant was no other than Danton, although Staël cannot have ignored that, ever since the 10th of August, Danton, finding the French too ignorant and too corrupt for a legal administration, had come to the conclusion that a popular system of government in France was absurd, and that, to use the words in which Morris explains his meaning, "they had reached the period in which Cato was a madman and Cæsar a necessary evil." The master who, Danton felt, was inevitable, he aspired himself to be, and it was part of his scheme to renew diplomatic relations with the powers. He therefore warmly advocated the Swedish alliance, and urged that subsidies should be given to Sweden in return for the recognition of the French republic, and for the support of the Swedish fleet. Barère declares that Danton improved the occasion to induce the Committee of Public Safety to give him six hundred thousand francs which, he pretended, were necessary to facilitate and accelerate negotiations, and to pay the travelling expenses of Baron Staël back to Stockholm. Although the statement is made by Barère, it is not improbable as far as Danton is concerned, whose cupidity was as great as his unscrupulousness.

When the text of the treaty reached Stockholm the duke regent feared to accept it as it stood, and provoke thereby the anger of the powers; he took therefore a middle course, and instructed Staël to ask for the liberation of the queen and royal family. When this was refused, positive orders were sent from Stockholm to break off negotiations.* Staël then went to Coppey; but he left his secretary, Signeul, in Paris as a secret agent. Signeul was a rabid Jacobin. He remained throughout the Reign of Terror on the most intimate terms with Robespierre,

* Léouzon Le Duc, Appendix to the Correspondence of Staël, p. 259.

and did all he could to induce Sweden to acknowledge the republic. Sweden on her side insisted on being subsidized for remaining simply neutral, and the controversy on this point was endless. Staël returned to Sweden in 1794. In March he signed a convention with Denmark at Copenhagen; he then spent his time between Stockholm and Coppet till March, 1795, when he reappeared in Paris on a diplomatic mission. The consequences of the 9th Thermidor made it possible to reopen negotiations, and the Committee of Public Safety, led by Cambacérès and Tallien, showed the most friendly dispositions. Staël's instructions were to insist on compensation to Sweden for the money which she had been induced to expend upon her navy. Difficulties arose on this point, and Staël had to refer them to his government. During the delay which took place in consequence, Sieyès tried to undermine the Swedish influence in order to bring about an alliance with Russia. Then, as on a former occasion, Staël resolved to act on his own responsibility and to recognize the republic on the part of Sweden. This solemn recognition took place on the 23rd of April, at a special sitting of the Convention, presided over by Sieyès. Two days later Staël appeared again at the bar in full uniform, followed by a numerous retinue, and presented his credentials. He delivered a solemn oration, in which he expressed the hope that glorious France would rise above private interest and passion, and offer to the human race the sublime spectacle of the union between virtue and power now and forevermore. The president, who on that day was Boissy d'Anglas, replied in phrases equally pompous, and reminded the ambassador of what he knew only too well, that even during the lifetime of Gustavus III., secret hopes were cherished in Sweden for the success of the Revolutionary movement in France.

The result of this was that a new treaty, on the basis of the one of 1793, was drawn up between the two countries. France engaged to deliver at once forty tons of gold, and as much more when the treaty should be finally ratified. Sweden bound herself in secret articles to get ten ships of war ready for sea, to demand from England the Swedish ships captured by the British fleet, and the assurance that her neutrality would be respected in future, and in case of refusal to seize all English vessels in the sound. It is unnecessary to insist on the gravity of these

proposals. The duke regent had previously disavowed Staël officially, but he had not ceased to agree with him in private. Now, however, Staël felt no longer sure of secret approval for his venturesome policy. What he apprehended took place; the regent rejected the treaty, expressed strongly his alienation from Staël, and even Reuterholm disavowed him in an ostentatious manner.

Two other Swedish diplomats, Engeström, afterwards minister of foreign affairs, and Brinkmann, Staël's successor in Paris, who is well known to the readers of Gentz and Rahel Varnhagen, give indeed another reason for the conduct of the duke regent and of Reuterholm. They assert that they had documentary evidence to prove that the regent and Reuterholm had claimed large sums of money from France in payment for their good wishes, that Staël had made himself personally responsible for this money, and promised that he would obtain it for them. When, however, only one instalment was paid, and then nothing more, the duke and his councillor turned against their ambassador.

Staël succeeded in obtaining from France a modification of the treaty, and all conditions were eliminated which might involve his country in war with England and Russia. His government accepted it in this new form, but soon after the Convention was replaced by the Directory, and Sweden turned towards Russia. A marriage was now contemplated between the young Gustavus IV. and Alexandra, the granddaughter of Catherine II. It was well known in Paris that these matrimonial negotiations were carried on by a French *émigrée*, Madame de St. Priest, and that the primary condition of the empress was the rupture with France. Everything seemed arranged, when the marriage was broken off, on the morning of the wedding day, by the folly of the Russian diplomacy. This was in the autumn of 1796. In the summer the Directory had recalled its representative, Le Hoc, from Stockholm, and at the same time, Staël received his letters of recall. This was looked upon in Paris as almost a declaration of war, and now the insubordinate diplomat surpassed himself. He not only remained at his post, but he actually induced the Directory to refuse to receive Baron Rehausen, who had been appointed chargé d'affaires in his place. This was more than they could stand at Stockholm. Peremptory orders were sent to Staël to quit Paris within thirty-six

hours, and an unambiguous declaration to the French government that, if Rehausen were not received at once, the recognition of the republic by Sweden would be cancelled and his passports sent to M. Perrochel, the French chargé d'affaires. This brought them to their senses at Paris. The Directory tried to conciliate the regent by appointing General Pichegru as French ambassador at his court. Staël retired to Coppet, and spent the next two years in private life, partly there and partly in Paris.

He was once more summoned to the public service. In 1798, after two years of estrangement, the court of Sweden endeavored to resume relations with France, and at the beginning of 1799 Staël was sent to Paris to reconstruct the alliance of which he was the representative. He did not succeed. In May he asked for leave of absence, and was replaced by Brinkmann. Gustavus IV. now became a more consistent enemy of France than even his father had been, and the public life of Staël came to a close.

He did not long survive his retirement, but died at Coppet in the summer of 1802, just as revolutionary despotism began to take the definite shape of the rule of Bonaparte. "Robespierre à cheval," this, then, was the awakening from the nightmare of the Terror, the final expression of the movement with which Staël had so keenly sympathized, and which he so obstinately defended. His wife nursed him in his last illness, but the "*Dix Années d'Exil*" preserve absolute silence about him. The year of his death was signalized by the appearance of "Delphine," the defiance by a woman of public opinion, which she had offended, and which had taken its revenge. This book, according to Madame de Staël herself, marks the moment in her life when the impetuosity of youth and the craving for happiness sought satisfaction in eloquent words and impassioned creations. That happiness, however, which could not be obtained, she had learned to renounce, when summing up the results of her life, she said, "J'ai toujours été la même, vive et triste: j'ai aimé Dieu, mon père, et la liberté."

Life and history have this in common, that the storms of passion must be spent before it is possible to come back to an unprejudiced appreciation of human affairs. Those who wrote on the Revolution during the Restoration and the Monarchy of July rarely struck the balance between invective and panegyric. It has

been reserved for our time to aim at a more impartial judgment. With what success may be estimated from the fact that the results of recent investigations are confirmed by the posthumous depositions of the witnesses of the Revolution, and thus, after the lapse of nearly a century, the links of the historical chain are joined.

C. BLENNERHASSETT.

From Temple Bar.

THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"DEAREST MOTHER,—

"I did not write yesterday because, after all, Sir Alexander postponed his departure again; and they did not get away till last night. I went to the station with Jimmy Byrne to see Randal off, and I assure you he started in the highest spirits. His last words were for you, and I think his only regret was that he could not see you. The travellers set out with all the comforts possible—books, and wraps, and field-glasses, and note-books, and courier-bags, and, most important of all, a courier, who looked an ambassador at least. So I think, dear, you may be quite satisfied that it will be an agreeable as well, I hope, as a profitable engagement to Randal. I am sure it is salvation to him to get away from London and his late associates.

"I felt quite alone when the train was gone, as if all my work was over; and, oh, such a longing to go straight away, home to you to have a good cry in your arms; though, of course, I am very pleased at the same time. So I took Jimmy back with me to Lady Elton's by her directions, and she had a tea-supper ready for us. She was, as she always is, kind and hospitable, and so nice with Jimmy Byrne. But she is changed—greatly changed. She is softer, less keen and bright, and often so *distracte*.

"I wish you had seen how pleased Jimmy was, and yet not quite comfortable. His admiration of the beautiful rooms and his evident awe of the magnificent Luigi (who, by the way, is much more patient and indulgent towards his mistress's whims than an English *major-domo* would be) were most amusing. And then, as he grew more at home, his questions and conjectures about the ornaments and curi-

osities were so funny, though he is far from ignorant, and has the tact of a true, tender heart.

"I had intended to tell you in this what day I should leave London. But after Jimmy Byrne left, Lady Elton, who had been thinking for some time, said suddenly: 'Grace, if you put off your departure for a few days, I will go with you to Germany.' Of course I was charmed, and we talked it over. She thinks of letting her *étage* for three months — which rather surprises me — and taking Luigi and Simmons with her. So, dearest mother, you are to engage rooms for her at the *Sächsische Hof*. It is a nicer situation than the *Sonne*. A good bed and sitting-room for herself, and a room close by for Simmons; and a very good room for Luigi. She thinks she will stay a month. But she is terribly unsettled.

"I am delighted she is coming; but I begin to long very much for you and Mab, and home. I am sorry dear Frieda seems so unwell. What is the matter with her? I am sure I shall cheer her up when I come. I had a nice letter from Wolff von Falkenberg. Such wonderfully good English! He is afraid he will be sent to Königstein. I hope he will not be away when Maurice comes. I think you will be very pleased with Maurice.

"Now, I must stop. This is the last long letter you will have. I will send a line to say what day next week you may expect us. Kindest regards to every one. My best love to dear Uncle Costello. Tell Mab how delighted I am that she has been such a good girl. I have not forgotten her in London. Good-bye for the present; dear, dear mother. God bless you!

"Ever your loving child,

"GRACE FRERE."

Such was the epistle which Mrs. Frere, with much exultation, a few tears, and many ejaculations, read aloud in the pleasant *salon* of the Bergstrasse *étage*, one keen though sunny afternoon at the end of March, to the listening, sympathizing Frieda, who had come in (as she was ever ready to do) to spend two or three days with her cousin; to assist her in making her simple household arrangements, to check the enormities of Paulina, and to clear up the general muddle which accumulated during her absence.

"Ach! meine liebe Cousine, it is indeed heart-aching that you could not embrace your son before he took such a distant journey. Nevertheless —"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Frere, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, "it is a sore trial; but the fact that at such an early age he was selected for so brilliant an appointment is consolatory. Poor, dear fellow! I have no doubt the greater part of the wonderful book Sir Alexander is going to write will be done by him. He is quite a man of genius! If you only could read English writing better, I would give you his poems to read."

"I am sure he is very clever; so is Grace, and this Lady Elton? I have heard Grace speak of her. Is she a Baronin, or a Gräfin?"

"Oh, neither; she is the widow of a baronet, a title you have not. She is very charming and rich, a sort of connection of ours; and, Frieda dear, you must come with me to engage these rooms. How delightful it will be to see dear Grace! It seems such an age since she left, and I am so lost without her."

"And she is not more than four weeks away," said Frieda, sighing.

"Not so much. And what I should have done without you, my love, I am sure I do not know. I wish I could see more color in your cheeks, dear. I think your mother ought to take you to Teplitz, or Carlsbad, when the summer comes. Shall we go to the *Sächsische Hof* after dinner, Frieda?"

"Dear cousin, if you could wait till tomorrow! You see I thought — that is, I promised Frau Sturm to help her with her packing. You know she leaves on Monday, and I know not when I shall have an opportunity of doing anything for her, perhaps never again. It is not likely the Herr Professor will return to Zittau." A quick, deep sigh, almost a sob, ended this speech.

"Ah, no! of course not. They have been very fortunate. As for me, tomorrow will do quite as well. There is sure to be plenty of rooms to choose from. I wonder how Lady Elton will like the *cuisine*. She is accustomed to everything so very *recherché*."

"They cook very well at the *Sächsische Hof*," returned Frieda, a little absently. "But, dear cousin, is it not odd that Wolff should tell Grace that he fears he may be sent to Königstein when we only knew of the order yesterday, and it seemed such a surprise? Gertrud is quite cast down. You know it delays the marriage three months at least."

"Does it? Why?" asked Mrs. Frere. "Because it is a sort of service that each of our officers is obliged to do in

turn; if ordered there they can scarce avoid going on account of any private affairs, and this is the first time Wolff has been sent there since the war. It is our great fortress, you know. You must come and see it one day."

"Is it far?"

"It does not seem so since the new railway has been opened."

"Well, Frieda, let us go to-morrow early, and settle about the rooms. And now, here is Mab. Let us have our dinner, and then you can go away to Frau Sturm."

The news flew like wildfire through the small circle of Zittau society that Mrs. Frere and Fräulein Frieda had been to the Sächsische Hof, and had engaged three or four rooms — a whole *étage* — the entire hotel — for a relative from England — a lady of immense wealth and high rank — the sister of Gladstone — the niece of Palmerston — the daughter of Russell. She was coming with horses and carriages. No; she was coming *incognito*, with one negro and two lady's-maids, a monkey and a tame leopard. By no means; she only brought a Hindoo female attendant and a Turkish chasseur. In short, Lady Elton's advent was a god-send to the community; and the fact that "Mees Frere" was to travel with her, and that Mrs. Frere was to arrange everything for the august visitor, raised the whole family to the highest point of public estimation.

"You know, my best of friends," said the Frau Burgomeisterin to Frau Oberst von Ahlefeld, "I always said that, in spite of their simple, quiet ways, there was a noble bearing about these English ladies; and Frau Alvsleben, though you know what a hard-to-be-spoken-with woman she is, admitted that but for family misfortunes they would never be here."

"I am sure they find a refined and kindly-disposed society here," returned the Frau Oberst; "and though one is sometimes turned to stone by the freedoms of Fräulein Grace, there is nothing really unmaidenly about her; and one should remember she has not had a German up-bringing."

"That is indeed true," observed Frau Gerichtsdirector.

"We cannot expect the same manners and modesty from a Mädchen that has been permitted to ride like a man," remarked the Frau Oberzoll Inspectorin.

"Ach! du lieber Himmel!" screamed the Frau Postmeisterin; "does she then wear —"

A chorus of eager "Nein, nein, nein!" drowned the obnoxious name of *Beinkleider*.

The discussion took place at a small Kaffee-Klatch at the Frau Staatsamtswalde's residence, where none but ladies of a certain rank were admitted, past mistresses of the delicate art by which the first faint nucleus of a scandalous story can be found, and fed and propped by hints and doubts, and vague suggestions, into a wide-spreading flame, springing no one knows from whence, but impossible to quench, and leaving behind it long, blackened tracks of soot and cinders, with which none can meddle without carrying away disfiguring traces of having touched an unclean thing.

"And so Baron Falkenberg goes to Königstein to-morrow?" recommenced the Frau Burgomeisterin, as the topic of the English family and their peculiarities became threadbare. "It is strange that, with his marriage so near at hand, he did not make interest at Dresden to have his service postponed."

"Ah! meine Damen," said the Baronin von Stachelberg, nodding her head and pressing her lips shrewdly together between each clause of her sentence, "Von Falkenberg is not the man to be in a hurry to lose his liberty — and such liberty! Why, after his life at court, in the war —"

"Ah! but how do his creditors wait?"

"Oh, with such a marriage announced, he can get money enough to keep his creditors quiet."

"Well, the Fräulein is bold to give herself and her money to a noted man like the Hauptmann."

"Nay! believe me, ladies," cried the Frau Oberst, "Herr von Falkenberg is by no means the *mauvais sujet* you would make out. He has been a little unsteady; but the Herr Oberst and his brother officers have a great regard for him. I believe the Fräulein Alvsleben will find him a very good husband."

This exhibition of *esprit de corps* on the part of the colonel's wife checked the talk; but only to turn it in another direction.

"I saw the little Frieda coming from Frau Sturm's house to-day, and I met her there yesterday. She is staying in Zittau, you know, with her English cousin. It seemed a little strange to me: last winter the Herr Doctor — I beg his pardon, I mean the Herr Professor — was constantly with Fräulein Frere and Frieda. One never knew which was the attraction;

but that night, at the Frau Burgomeisterin's dance, there was no mistake. I am surprised that Frau Alvsleben does not see it. She would surely not like her daughter to marry a man ineligible in many ways?" cried Frau von Stachelberg.

"The son — no, the grandson of a *Bauer*" (peasant).

"And his mother the daughter of an obscure pastor," etc., etc.

Meantime, happily unconscious of all this, Mrs. Frere went to and fro, important and excited by her commission. The landlord of the Sächsische Hof, an old German of a date anterior to the absorbing supremacy of fatherland, spoke French fairly well; and so did the second waiter. She was therefore able, after the first interview, to dispense with Frieda's assistance, and paid daily visits to the hotel, to remind the host of things she had forgotten yesterday, or only remembered to-day. And she was always welcome. Her manners were charming, and Germans are peculiarly susceptible to manner; she was the herald of a wealthy, liberal inmate, and her suggestions were generally on the side of expense.

To Mab, who was usually her companion, and whose German was helpful, these visitations were a source of the purest delight. She availed herself of the opportunity to acquire the most perfect and intimate knowledge of the rambling, picturesque old building; of the names, avocations, and general functions of its inmates; of the colors of the furniture; the disposition of the kitchen; the boundaries of the poultry-yards; the condition of the stables; and the contents of the storeroom.

And so the time slipped by. And now the travellers were expected on Wednesday — the day after to-morrow — to-morrow — to-day! And Mrs. Frere's heart beat with nervous delight at the idea of once more having her dear Grace beside her, to direct everything, and to relieve her of all responsibility. For Mrs. Frere was one of those half-developed beings to whom it is agony to decide or strive to originate, and who, by a merciful arrangement of nature, desire only to be gently guided, and to obey.

Grace was unusually happy in leaving London. So much so that she felt a little ashamed of having so completely surmounted the shame, and depression, and despair which weighed her down that terrible day when she sought Max Frere

to beg his forbearance for Randal. She feared her nature was too slight and buoyant for her own ideal.

But it was *so* delightful to have surmounted it all! To know that Randal was away out of London; that she herself was going to a safe distance from Max, with Lady Elton, who was dearer to her than she had ever been, for her companion; that soon she should be in the quiet, simple, beloved home, with its occupations, and duties, and dreams; and that she had found a fresh link to attach her still more fondly to the past, round which memory cast an aureole of tender light, in her old friend and playfellow. It was a compensation which outweighed all she had suffered.

She had paid a visit to Jimmy Byrne, and had taken tea with him, and learned to her satisfaction that he had handed over a third of the debt due to Max the previous day.

Grace expended much eloquence and ingenuity in persuading the little man to promise that his next holiday should be spent with her mother and herself at Zittau. She even sketched his route, but could extract nothing beyond, —

"Well, Miss Grace dear, we'll see."

"So, Grace, you are determined to owe me as little as possible," said Max, as they stood on the platform waiting for the decisive moment to step into the train.

He had, not quite to Lady Elton's surprise, actually come down to see them off; and had drawn his cousin aside, while Maurice Balfour, who had awaited them at the station, was speaking to Lady Elton, amid the thunder of steam blowing off, bells ringing, whistles shrieking, and all the hubbub of Victoria at the hour when the evening trains depart.

Luigi, wrapped in a fur coat, and the respectable Simmons in a neat waterproof, holding her lady's travelling-bag, were occupied in arranging the hundred and one impedimenta of luxurious travellers in the carriage.

"I owe you quite enough, Max; and gratitude into the bargain. But I do not want to rob you."

"Nor do I wish you to be robbed by your brother. Pray, my dear cousin (I suppose you will allow me to use the term in that sense, Grace?), let the matter rest. Hereafter, when some stroke of fortune makes you rich, you shall pay it back with interest."

"You are very good, Max! really, better than I deserve. But if I can pay you, I will perhaps —"

"Take your places, if you please!" said the guard, walking down the platform.

"One moment, Grace," whispered Max. "I do not give up my designs easily. You and I have a reckoning to make up yet."

"It will be long before we meet. But you have my kindest, best wishes, dear cousin," returned Grace vaguely. She was too happy not to feel on good terms with him.

"Good-bye, Mr. Balfour," said Lady Elton. "I wish you were coming with us. Do not be long in following. And keep me informed of your doings."

She shook hands warmly with him, and stepped into the carriage.

"Good-bye, Max," said Grace, following her; and added, over Max's shoulder, as he leaned through the door to shake hands with his aunt; "Yes, Maurice, be sure you come as soon as you can."

"Excuse me," said Maurice, touching Max Frere's arm; "I must shake hands with your cousin." And quietly displacing him, he took her hand. "You may be very sure I will come as soon as it is possible. Give my love to Mrs. Frere and Mab. My *Gruss* to Falkenberg. What can I do for you here? Shall I go and comfort Jimmy Byrne this evening?"

"Yes, *do*, dear Maurice! I would like it better than anything else."

"Trust me," emphatically.

A porter exclaimed, "Stand back, gentlemen!" the door was shut, the train moved on, a glance, a smile through the window, and they were off; a curious feeling of satisfaction suffusing itself through her mind as Grace thought the hand which had touched her last was that of Maurice Balfour. And so on with increasing speed.

Dover was soon with them, for Lady Elton had chosen the Ostend route. The weather was cold, and Grace impatient to be with her mother; so they pushed on without waiting to do any sight-seeing.

"Don't mind the gallery, dear Lady Elton," was her prayer, as they neared Dresden. "If you are not too tired, let us go straight on to Zittau."

And Lady Elton, who was moved by a kind of sad, regretful sympathy in the filial tenderness she was never to know, consented.

The light was still clear, for it was a fine evening, when they reached Zittau—the fresh, tender light of early April. And Grace felt the delicious consciousness of nearing home. She rejoiced as

the familiar station, the burly, well-known figure of the station-master, the usual group of porters, and peasants, and jaunty Bohemians hove in sight. But who—who is this in uniform, erect, martial, authoritative, who opens the carriage-door with white-gloved hand, and stands on the step to welcome her?

"Willkommen, mein liebes, liebes Fräulein! Wie geht's Ihnen?"

"Oh, Herr von Falkenberg! Is it possible! I am so glad to see you; I thought you were at Königstein."

"I have had leave for twenty-four hours, and can take the night train at eleven, so I stayed to welcome you."

"Lady Elton, here is Baron Falkenberg, of whom I have spoken to you."

Lady Elton is too tired to say much, and Luigi and Simmons are at hand to assist my lady, and collect my lady's luggage; and the station-master, devoted to a party with a cavalier in uniform, called for carriages; and the Sächsische commissionaire came forth, and the whole population in and about the terminus were aware that the great English lady and her suite had arrived.

"No, Grace; you shall go direct home, I insist upon it. I speak a little German myself, and Luigi a good deal; and I know you are burning to embrace your mother, and Monsieur de Falkenberg will take care of you. Come over, if you like, when you have supped or dined."

So spoke Lady Elton, as they walked through the station.

"Very well, dear. I will come over in the evening. And see! is not the view very fine?"

"Very," with a sigh; "but I am very weary, Grace, and no home awaits me."

Falkenberg was assiduous in his care of Grace. He handed her into a *droschky*, and then jumped in himself.

"I thought you were never coming back," he exclaimed, as they rattled over the stones. "You have been much longer than you expected, have you not? But England has agreed with you; you are looking brilliant."

"That is because I am so delighted to get home again. This place seems so familiar, and London was quite strange."

"I am charmed to hear you say so! You must become a true Deutsches Mädchen, and marry a German."

He looked sharply at her.

"Ah! I am surprised to find you are not married yet yourself," said Grace.

"So am I. Well, no; not absolutely married, but I suppose I should have

been in a fortnight, were it not for this service at Königstein." He spoke very cheerfully. "You must come and see me at Königstein, you and your friend. The fortress is well worth a visit."

A few more disconnected sentences, for Grace was absorbed in watching their progress, and a rapturous cry, "Here we are! and there is dear Mab on the balcony!"

To rush past Falkenberg and fly upstairs, to pass Paulina at the open door with a hasty kindly greeting, was but a minute's work; and then she was in her mother's arms, while Mab danced round them, snatching what kisses she could of her sister's hands and cloak, and bonnet-strings.

"My darling! thank God you have come back to me! I do not think I can ever let you go away again. It has been a terrible time," sobbed Mrs. Frere.

Then it was Mab's turn, and looking round the pleasant room, all decked with such flowers as the late spring of that region could supply, Grace felt a moment of annoyance to see Falkenberg standing in the doorway, and calmly contemplating the group with an expression of benevolent gratification. She wanted to be alone with her dear ones, for with her joy no stranger could mingle; but she checked the feeling — Falkenberg meant kindly.

"Let me, too, welcome you again," he said, coming forward as he caught her eye; and taking her hand in both of his, he kissed it twice. "You know how welcome you are, heart's dearest friend," he murmured in German, while a sudden look of pain darkened his face for an instant, and gave Grace a thrill of discomfort.

"It is worth returning to be so kindly received," she said, turning to her mother, and giving her her hand.

"You must be so dreadfully tired, dear love, and hungry," said Mrs. Frere, stroking it. "Come and take off your things. You will take tea with us, will you not, Herr Hauptmann?"

"May I?" he looked to Grace.

"Yes, do!" was her spoken reply.

"With infinite pleasure," he returned, unfastening his sword; while Grace, followed by her mother and the ubiquitous Mab, who of course had chattered and asked questions from the moment Grace had arrived, went to her room.

How pretty, and fresh, and homelike it was! How glad she was to be there again! "Only why did you ask *him*, dear? I have so much to say!"

"Well, it would not have been kind to let him go. He has been so good and attentive ever since you went, and —"

"Not ask Wolff to stay!" cried Mab indignantly; "and he goes away to-night. You *are* unkind, Grace."

"Oh, very well; only I am greedy, and want you all to myself."

Soon Mab slipped away to Falkenberg. Then Mrs. Frere asked many tearful questions about Randal, and seemed satisfied with Grace's judicious replies; but though she was aware that the beloved prodigal had been in debt and difficulty, from which he had been rescued by her own and Grace's exertions and sacrifices, her queries were almost all respecting his looks, the impression he had made on his employer, his degree of favor with Lady Elton, the particulars of his outfit, etc.

It was a very happy evening meal, however, though Falkenberg's presence imposed a slight restraint. The name of Maurice Balfour was soon mentioned, and Falkenberg seemed deeply interested in the description given by Grace of her delight at meeting him, and of expecting him to visit Zittau, with all her natural, frank warmth.

At last, or rather too soon, it was time to go to Lady Elton; and after a short struggle with Mab, who wished to be of the party, they set forth, escorted by Falkenberg, who bade them good-bye at the hotel door.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FOR the first ten days Lady Elton felt much better in health and spirits for the novelty of her surroundings. She found the Sächsische Hof comfortable and picturesque. Moreover, both Luigi and Simmons were satisfied with their quarters — a very important point. Zittau was pronounced deliciously quaint, and the surrounding neighborhood justified Grace's description; while the Dalbersdorf family were pleasantly and characteristically German.

This was a very happy bit of every-day sunshine to Grace. To have Lady Elton's companionship, without the necessity of depriving the mother of her own, was truly delightful. With her friend she could express the thousand and one doubts, the gradually forming opinions which crowded her mind, the dawning light of maturer intellect which gave her glimpses of distant and ever-widening horizons far beyond the line where heaven and earth met in earlier days.

And Lady Elton was equally drawn out

herself, by the fresh, youthful daring and activity of her young companion. For a while Grace almost hoped that change had wrought a radical cure. But the mischief lay deeper than she thought.

The solemnities of a visit to Dalbersdorf were not to be lightly undertaken, but Grace, knowing the importance of etiquette in a small German society, was anxious that Lady Elton should accompany her mother on their first drive to the old house after her return.

Of course Count Costello and Cousin Alvsleben, Gertrud and Frieda, came the very morning which succeeded the arrival, to see and embrace their "liebe Cousine," to say nothing of the severe cross-examination to which they had all looked forward with keen pleasure.

The count looked wonderfully fresh and well, and as Grace sprang up to embrace him, uttered a tender, hearty "God bless you, mee child!" Then holding her away, and looking her all over, he exclaimed, —

"You look like the flowers in May! Faith, I don't know what it is that makes our island complexions so fine, but that's just where an Irish girl gives the go-by to every other! There's your mother has been fretting herself to fiddle-strings about you. Indeed we all missed you, darlin'."

"And so your cousin Lady Elton" (emphasis on "ton") "came back with you," cried Frau Alvsleben. "That was well. I was never so astounded as when I heard you had gone away quite alone to England. How could you do such a thing!"

"I did not stop to think, Cousin Alvsleben, when I knew poor Randal was in danger."

"Yes, indeed; even Wolff, who is of course not too particular, was quite vexed and uneasy when he found you had gone alone. I do not know when I saw him so put out," said Gertrud, who looked neither so well nor so happy as when Grace saw her last.

"I too, best and dearest — I trembled for you," whispered Frieda, "and now that you have come back, I venture to hope you will bring me better fortune."

Then came a torrent of questions anent Randal's appointment, which had made a great impression on his German relatives; about the fashions in London; about Lady Elton's fortune and position, and the real reason of her visit to Zittau, etc., etc., put with the point-blank, undisguised, honest curiosity especially indicative of the coun-

try-bred German and of a good many town-bred ones too: a curiosity never the least ashamed of itself — simply desirous to know the ins and outs of everything — never dreaming that any one cares to preserve a private corner, and quite as ready to impart details as to demand them.

In the midst of the babble, the count rose, and at once betrayed the reason of his extra smartness by drawing on a pair of fresh, well-fitting military gloves, and declaring his intention of paying his respects to Lady Elton, "as a countrywoman — at least, a fellow-subject — and a connection of my dear niece, I think it right to call."

"And Lady Elton will be truly delighted to see you," said Mrs. Frere.

"I should like to assist at the interview," observed Grace, smiling, as she looked after the retreating figure of the gallant veteran. "Lady Elton will be quite delighted with him. How pleased I am to see you all again! I thought I should be just in time for the wedding, Gertrud! How provoking that Wolff should be sent away! I was quite sorry for him!"

"Yes; it is too — too cruel," returned Gertrud mournfully. "And now we fear the marriage will not take place for quite three months. Then Wolff wants to make a long journey to the Tyrol. So it will be quite autumn before we are settled at home — too late to preserve *Gurken* or make any winter provisions."

"Oh, I would not care for that," said Grace, smiling. "Your mother and Mamsell will do all that for you."

"Ach, Gott! mein Gracechen, but you do not understand how dear these home labors are to a German. I like none to meddle with my household duties."

"And, Grace, my child," said Frau Alvsleben, "Mamsell has sent thee some eggs — the best and freshest, and some of our first violets."

"Dear, good Mamsell! I long to see her. My best *Gruss*, and thanks to her."

"And we have lost our valued friend, Frau Sturm," said Frieda, no longer able to resist the subject.

"Yes; I regret the excellent Frau," cried Cousin Alvsleben.

"But it is well for the Herr Professor and for her. They are established at Leipzig; and he has already three pupils (one an Englishman), who pay handsomely for their board. So they have changed for the better. Why there, in the world, he may have opportunities of pushing the

fortunes of his brother. In a couple of years, if there is no more war, my Ulrich will be taking command of his own place; and the *Verwalter* will want higher employment."

"It is very good for the whole family," observed Mrs. Frere.

At last the friendly visitors rose to depart; Frau Alvsleben refusing a pressing invitation for Frieda to remain with her friend.

"I want to tell Frieda all my secrets," said Grace, smiling. "I am afraid to tell them to Gertrud, for, of course, everything goes to Wolff."

"You need not fear," said Gertrud impatiently, yet a little sadly. "He does not care for secrets. He scarcely listens to mine."

Her words struck Grace with sudden pain. Gertrud was not amiable and lovable like Frieda, but that was no reason why she was to be tortured by doubts of the man who was to be her husband. And Gertrud had expanded so wonderfully to the sunshine of happiness, that Grace had grown to like her better than she ever did before.

"No, my Kindchen; Frieda must come back with us. There is much to be done at this season. But you will come to Dalbersdorf soon, meine gute cousine? Come this week, and dine, and spend a long day."

"No, dear Frau Alvsleben; not to dine this week. We want to bring Lady Elton to see you, and to see Dalbersdorf; so —"

"Aha, richtig!" cried the mistress of that mansion; "and meine Liebe, come on Friday if it be possible. We will have the *Obenstube* open and ready for your reception."

Here was an honor! Not for every guest did the sacred *Obenstube* unfold its portals. Mrs. Frere and Grace expressed suitable gratitude, and Frau Alvsleben hurried away.

"You have seen Wolff, have you not?" asked Gertrud, lingering behind her mother.

"Yes; he very kindly came to meet Lady Elton and myself at the station." Some subtle, undefined caution made her put Lady Elton's name first.

"Ist es möglich!" said Gertrud, surprised and not pleased, as she passed through the door.

"Would to Heaven I might stay with thee!" whispered Frieda. "My heart aches with its load."

"On Friday, my best and kindest, we

shall manage a long talk," returned Grace embracing her.

"Dear mother, I think love is a most miserable thing," said Grace, stepping back into the *salon* from the balcony, whence she had waved their visitors a final adieu.

"Why, dear?"

"Why! — see how unhappy Gertrud looks, and how miserable and nervous Frieda seems; and Fräulein von Ahlefeld, whom we met this morning, is engaged since I left, and she is quite changed."

"You know nothing about it, dearest. Youth isn't youth without love," returned her mother with a sigh. "When I remember the joy of first knowing that your father loved me, and that we were to be married and to be always together — and then the sort of secure happiness when we were one, the double-pleasure of everything — I can wish nothing better or brighter in this life for you."

"Yes; all this must be delightful!" thoughtfully; "but then my father was a true-hearted gentleman. He was not fanciful and faithless, like so many; and you were lovely and sweet and good — he could find nothing better. One could never feel the same sort of trust in Wolff, for example; and then Gertrud is not pretty."

"No," returned Mrs. Frere, smiling, delighted with the sweetest of all flatteries, that which falls from the lips of one's child. "But it is not beauty which always fascinates. I have heard your dear grandfather say — and he knew the world well — that plain women are often loved the most tenderly and faithfully."

"Perhaps so," said Grace, sitting down on the sofa and lying back among the cushions; "but I should like to be beautiful and fascinating, and a joy to the eye that dwelt upon me; and I should like to have power over the hearts of men, and women too. Why, I like to be pleasing to a beggar in the street when I give him a penny, or to an old woman selling apples at a corner, or a ragged child that asks me what o'clock it is. And I am not at all sure whether it is selfish vanity or disinterested kindness."

"My dear, you are really too hard on yourself; it is simple kind-heartedness."

Grace shook her head, and remained in deep thought.

The weather had been fine and warm for a few days previous to the expedition to Dalbersdorf, and the first faint gleam of tender green began to show on the

bushes and slighter trees, though the sturdy oaks, elms, and beeches stretched forth their rugged branches, still naked and wintry.

"It is a fine country," said Lady Elton, as they turned from the principal road to the branch which led to Dalbersdorf. They were driving along at a tolerable pace, with the best pair of horses the Sächsische Hof could produce. "Yet I do not know whether it is a real impression or a reflection of my own mood; the place seems melancholy to me. In fact, almost all country out of England so impresses me. Perhaps it is the want of gentlemen's houses that gives a feeling of remoteness and isolation — a poverty-stricken aspect to the land; but though nature is fair, I would shudder at the idea of living here."

"So should I," returned Mrs. Frere heartily. "In fact, I begin sometimes to long for England; certainly, were I not very poor, I should never be content to live here."

"That is ungrateful, mother," said Grace. "We have met great kindness; and, Lady Elton, I think if I were *very*, very fond of some one at Dalbersdorf, I should be content to live there."

"My dear, if you loved any one very, very much, you might be content at the bottom of a coal-pit; but, as you do not, you must come back to England and marry an Englishman."

Not much more passed between them till they drew up at the entrance, where stood the count bareheaded, and Mamsell, the *Stuben-Mädchen*, and Frieda.

How familiar the old grey house, with its harsh outlines and bare, homely surroundings, looked to Grace! and she loved the place with a grateful love. Its novelty, its hearty welcome, its honest, simple industry, had woke her to fresh life after having passed through the shadow of a mental death. It was here she had been born again, to stronger and more vivid existence.

Meantime the count, with kindly words and courtly bows, was handing Lady Elton and Mrs. Frere from the carriage, while Frieda, curtsying deeply, kissed Lady Elton's hand and embraced her cousin — Mamsell, the while, bobbing many reverences on the doorstep.

"You are most heartily welcome to our primitive dwelling, dear lady. Welcome, my best of nieces! My Frau Tochter awaits you within doors."

And so they were ushered into the great grim hall, and up the stairs to the

Obenstube, which displayed its glories of black and gold, where Frau Alvsleben in her best black silk and white lace, and Gertrud in her much-trimmed maroon cashmere dress, awaited their visitors. Then ensued more curtsying and polite phraseology, and Lady Elton aired her very tolerable German, for she had a slight knowledge of several tongues.

Grace, sitting silently beside Frieda, could not help noticing the contrast between the German and English faces; the first, honest, broad-browed, and large-mouthed, with a certain force in the jaw and forehead; the others, more delicate in outline, more keen and mobile in expression; and, in Lady Elton's case, a touch of disdainfulness tinging both eyes and lips.

After the exchange of many compliments, Frau Alvsleben, at Mrs. Frere's request, conducted her new acquaintance through the house, its storerooms and linen cupboards, its kitchens and offices, its *Hof* and *Gesindestube*, or laborers' quarters; its barns and cattle-houses, they could not be termed sheds; its brewery, and last, far from least, its piggeries — it would be blasphemous to apply the word "sty" to such models of cleanliness. While Lady Elton, but languidly interested, admired and questioned, Grace and Frieda stole away to the garden, from which some of the farm laborers were removing the young larch and pine branches with which the flower-beds had been covered up against the winter cold, under the inspection of the Verwalter himself. After a hearty greeting with him, the two girls found an opportunity for their long-deferred talk. Frieda, in a voice broken by tears, detailed how everything was as dark as ever between Otto Sturm and herself, that he had gone away to Leipzig without an explanatory word, though the last night he had been at Dalbersdorf he had seemed agitated and cast down. It is true his mother had dropped a significant word or two; but, save for such uncertain indications, she was utterly in the dark as to Otto's feelings or intentions. At one time she felt sure that he loved her; but now, he had no doubt seen others fairer and more worthy. There was no reason why he should not change. He was in no way pledged to her. But for herself, neither time, nor absence, nor neglect could alter her. No. To have been once loved by so noble a heart, so glorious an intellect, was enough to fill her soul forever. She would rather watch the embers of such a love, than light

fresh fires with meaner fuel. All this with many tears and gasps of sobbing, yet pervaded with so much tender patience and faithful affection, that Grace did not know whether to admire or be angry with her.

To weep and openly lament because she thought herself deserted; to avow unbounded love for a man who had ceased to love her, if he had ever done so — this was beyond Grace's comprehension. She could understand suffering from such a cause, and eating her heart out in silence; but to complain, to vow eternal fidelity to a man who did not care for her — *this* was a degree of self-abnegation quite out of her reach. However, she suppressed her wrath, which was partly caused by her deep sympathy for her friend's suffering.

"I scarcely know what to say, dearest Frieda, I have seen so little of the world myself; but I cannot help feeling that Dr. Sturm is not the sort of man to change. He may have reasons we cannot know for his silence. But if he has been faithless to you, I cannot bear you to fret about it; it seems to leave him master of the situation. Just think of what is due to yourself. You can feel kindly towards him, and be ready to do him a good turn. But your pride ought to —"

"Ah, dearest, I have no pride where Otto is concerned! I have no life but his."

Grace looked at her in deep thought.

"Could I ever feel like this?" she asked herself; "could any love so annihilate my individuality?" And her inner consciousness answered, "No; but you could suffer a good deal."

The friends walked almost round the small flower-garden without speaking, and then Grace said consolingly, —

"Did not the Verwalter tell my mother that he hoped his brother would come next week to pass a few days with him?"

"Yes, at Easter; in about a fortnight," returned Frieda dejectedly.

"Then you can form some idea of Otto's state of mind; and if you think he no longer cares for you, you must put him out of your head. I shall be very angry with you, dear, if you do not."

"Oh, my Grace! but I am not so strong as you."

"Nor am I so tender and true as you, I fear. Still, pride is a very useful thing for a woman."

"Why should I be ashamed of loving?" asked Frieda; but the appearance

of Lady Elton, with her attendant hostess, Gertrud, and Mrs. Frere, broke in upon their conversation; and after a visit to the garden, a peep at the poultry, a glass of wine and slice of cake in the *Gartensaal*, the *Sächsische Hof's* best carriage was ordered round, and the visitors departed.

"Do they live there all the year round?" asked Lady Elton, as they cleared the village on their homeward road; and on Mrs. Frere's answering in the affirmative, she exclaimed: "And are they quite content, those young girls? Does no echo of the outer world ever reach them and make them long to stretch their wings?"

"I think not," returned Grace. "To Gertrud and Frieda the whole world is comprised in Dalbersdorf and Zittau: to look beyond is scarcely natural or amiable. They have scarce a thought for anything outside their own families; they think my ardent desire to see and know, feverish and wrong. They are such typical German maidens that they seem incapable of a separate existence."

"Yes; I see it. Yet what an awakening lies before German women — and what admirable women they will be!" said Lady Elton thoughtfully, as she drew the collar of her fur jacket closer round her throat. "The spring is very late in these regions. Are you quite warm enough, my dear Mrs. Frere?"

From The Nineteenth Century.

DEAN STANLEY AS A SPIRITUAL TEACHER AND THEOLOGIAN.

DURING the twelve months since this college* was last opened, many distinguished names in our English world of thought and literature have passed away. I do not know when so many great writers have died in such quick succession. There was first of all George Eliot, then Thomas Carlyle, then, after a brief interval, Lord Beaconsfield, and lastly Dean Stanley. It would be a difficult, but an interesting and curious, study to compare these several writers; and especially to estimate their respective relation to the spiritual movement of their times. For it is remarkable that they were all more or less, after their sort, spiritual teachers. They were, as one of them, whose claims may be most questioned to the character

* This paper was delivered as an address at the opening of St. Mary's College, in the University of St. Andrews, November 16.

we have assigned them, said, on a memorable occasion, "on the side of the angels" in the great modern battle of *mind* versus *matter*, of *humanity* versus *the cosmos*. They were all, indeed, more or less theologians — that is to say, writers who appreciated the great thoughts which Christianity had discharged into the world and which the Church has preserved through eighteen centuries. The personal relation which they themselves occupied to these thoughts is quite another question. Even if it be true that two of them only dealt with such thoughts to reject them ultimately, and to throw themselves into lines which cannot fairly be considered Christian — which many suppose to be quite opposed to any possible Christian theology — it is none the less true that they also started in their intellectual career from a Christian basis, while they were more or less proficient students of the history and thought of the Church; and, further, that they never parted from those profound roots in the spiritual life of mankind which Christianity addresses, and of which, on the human side, it is the most perfect growth and development that the world has yet seen.

It may seem strange to some to mention in this connection the name of Mr. D'Israeli, latterly known as Lord Beaconsfield. But no one can be familiar with the writings of this remarkable man who gave to politics a genius which all acknowledged in literature, without recognizing the vein of religious thoughtfulness pervading them, and the evident idea he himself had that he had a mission to instruct our age in certain great spiritual truths which seemed to him too much forgotten. Whether his own estimate of these truths was either right or important is a subject beyond our present province.

Nor can I now speak, even for a moment, of Thomas Carlyle's position as a spiritual teacher. That he was such a teacher from first to last — that he carried with him through all his astonishing career a profound and even burdened sympathy with the spiritual perplexities and sorrows of his generation, and believed he was the voice of one crying to it in the wilderness to be saved — no one can doubt. Least of all are Scottish students, to whom many of his works have been a noble inspiration, likely to doubt this. It would not be difficult, indeed, to show that, with whatever substance of Christian truth Carlyle may have parted, he never parted with deep convictions implanted in his heart by a Christian father

and mother in that Annandale home which he has so vividly pictured to us; nor even with certain intellectual reminiscences of his early training for the Scottish Church. The time has not come yet, especially in the view of recent unhappy disclosures, for judging this great man comprehensively as one of the teachers of his age.

Of George Eliot I would fain have spoken at large, having renewed my acquaintance with nearly all her writings during months of enforced leisure; not only with an increased admiration of her genius, if this were possible, but with intense interest in following out the flashes of her penetrating ethical insight, and her grand, if complicated and somewhat confused, aspirations. There is an elevation, even in moments of depressing suffering, in dwelling near the fountain of so much genius, ever ranging in its higher reaches on the confines of the higher world. Of no writer can it be more truly said that her aims were spiritual, whatever may have been her creed, or however she may have sometimes failed in realizing her aims. The background of her intellectual thought may have been Positivist, and the mysteries of human life and character have unhappily overborne at times even such insight as hers into the sources of human action. But there is no Christian student but must be grateful for the touching and varied pictures which she has given in her earlier and better writings of the power and beauty of faith in the unseen; of self-sacrifice; of divine healing through suffering. I do not know, in modern literature, where any such combination of pictures is to be found in which the waste of human passion and the darkness of human suffering are more vividly confronted by a divine remedy, whatever she herself may have finally thought of that remedy. The portraits of the Rev. Mr. Tryon, in "Janet's Repentance;" of Janet herself; of the girl preacher Dinah, in "Adam Bede;" of Silas Marner; of the Rev. Mr. Lyon, in "Felix Holt;" and, above all, the great study of Savonarola, in "Romola" — all show with what a singular force this gifted woman had grasped the great truths of evangelical theology, and felt with her own heart the depths to which they are capable of moving humanity, and the impulses for good which lie within them. And never is her art so marvellous — never does it reach such an exquisite finish — as when she is dealing with embodiments of the spiritual life. Just as she ceased to touch

this sacred ground it may be said that her art lost its wings, and fell prone into those abysses of cynicism which disfigure her later writings.

In one respect the writings of George Eliot deserve special mention in this place. She is not only a great artist as Bunyan was, of the spiritual or evangelical life of humanity; but she shows, over and over again, especially in that greatest work of her genius, taking it all in all — "Romola" — how deeply she had studied theology, and made herself conversant with its leading thoughts. Wherever we may find in modern literature contemptuous reference to theological science — and we have not far to seek to find traces of such a tone — we never find anything of the kind in the writings of George Eliot. And it is undoubtedly one of the notes of her genuine greatness of mind that she recognized so clearly as she did the significance of this sphere of speculation. Depend upon it, whatever may be the temporary reputation of certain names in our day who profess to ignore theology, or only speak of it with ignorant scorn, that such names will not prove really great in the history of human thought. Both they and their half-systems will disappear with the decadence of the materialistic era, which has called them forth and given them a transitory significance. The old philosophic adage remains as true now as ever — "In nature there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind" — and the higher poetry, art, science, and speculation which spring out of the recognition of the spiritual dignity of mind.

But I must turn to the immediate subject of our address. Of the great writers who have passed away during the past twelve months, there is none more interesting, and in some respects more significant, although others may have been more powerful, than Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. And yet perhaps no influential intellect of our time less touched that scientific sphere which has so enlarged its area as to seem to some to have become the only sphere of knowledge. It may be also admitted — no one would have more readily admitted it than himself — that Stanley had an imperfect sympathy with mere philosophical thinking in any form. He once said to me long ago, in speaking of the philosophical writings of Professor Ferrier, in which I was then greatly interested, and which still, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, have to many minds a rare value, that he could

take no interest in speculations of the kind. The constitution of his mind was such that only subjects in which the human personality emerged in more or less distinct form could directly interest him, or draw forth the energies of his singularly vivid and imaginative intellect. Philosophy was not to him "harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose," but it was abstract and far away from that plane of life — crowded by human figures, or crowned by human or divine institutions — in which all his interest centred. And this implies no derogation from the really great and imperial range of his intellect. To every one is given his own gifts, and those who have mixed most with the world, whether of letters, of science, of statecraft, or philosophy, know how limited are the highest human endowments, and how seldom it is that the richest gifts in one direction are left unaccompanied by limitations in other directions. It was this absence of the speculative faculty, or rather the entire submergence of any native, speculative power that he had within the bounds of the biographical, historical, political, or theological instincts which were so all-powerful within him, that constituted a certain weakness in his theology. This weakness has been abundantly noticed since his death; but the real source and meaning of it have been, for the most part, missed. There never was a man so little of a system-monger. He hated all the skeletons of system which many minds, both scientific and philosophical, delight to rear, and to admire as temples of truth. In this he was right. But he was also in some degree impatient of doctrinal distinctions, and of those deeper questionings into which all theological, no less than philosophical problems run. So he failed sometimes to understand the full meaning of those answers which the Church has given to such questionings in her creeds, and in the great systems of theology which have descended to us from the past. This, and not any lack of sympathy with what is real in Christianity itself, is the secret of some of his misconceptions, or at least his inadequate conceptions of certain truths which Evangelical, and indeed all Catholic theology, has sought to express. With the truly spiritual forces of the gospel I know of no man in our day who had more conscious contact, or who embodied them in a more living and beautiful form in his own life and conduct. It is melancholy to reflect that there are parties in all our Churches who have not

only been unable to recognize this, but who have not shrunk from lifting the voice of obloquy against his honored and sainted name — as if he knew not aright the cause for which he lived and died.

Another feature in Dean Stanley's disposition and character marked negatively — some would say injuriously — his theological conceptions. Stanley was the child of good fortune and happy circumstances from the first. His father was not only a good and able bishop of the old school, but a man of a singularly sunny, useful, and courageous spirit. Both as rector of Alderley and Bishop of Norwich, he was distinguished by his incessant activity in every good work and every philanthropic purpose. He was not a man of learning. He was no theologian, either patristic or modern. But he was a great parochial and episcopal administrator, and an ardent student in natural history. The dean's mother, Catherine Leycester, was even more remarkable; and if he inherited his courage and unresting activity as a public man from his father, he owed to his mother many of the higher delicacies of his genius, his appreciation of the most diverse shades of theological teaching and Christian life, and the breadth of his toleration and charity which covered all the multitudinous diversities of ecclesiastical peculiarity. He owed to her also much of the sweetness of his own nature, and that happy mingling of human and divine things which everywhere meets us in his writings. This is specially suggested in those pictured "Memorials of a Quiet Life" which his cousin, Augustus J. C. Hare, has so vividly set before us in his well-known volume, as well as in a special article on the dean. I read those memorials last summer amidst some of the scenes depicted in them; and if any wish to see what a beautiful, and in some respects original, atmosphere surrounded Stanley in his youthful years, they deserve attention; they are occasionally tedious and too "long drawn out," and more may be made of the picture than the subject warrants; but a most tranquil Christian spirit pervades every page, and we see in clear outline how truly here, as in other cases, the boy was father of the man.

It was a natural result of such an upbringing, amidst associations so winning and delightful, that Stanley's Christian experience took a predominantly sunny complexion. He was a Christian then and always, without any of those darker experiences through which alone may men

and women come to the knowledge of the truth. The burden borne by such a man as Luther when he cried within his cell at Erfurt: "My sins, O my sins!" and the profound agonies of a St. Augustine, as he passed from death to life — from the impurities of Manichæism to the purity and peace of the gospel — were unknown, or comparatively unknown, to him. His own life — although he knew at least one great sorrow which lacerated his heart, and helped, no doubt, to hasten his end — was a singularly bright one. It did not, as so many lives do — many more than are supposed — touch tragedy at any point. He had a natural difficulty, therefore, in realizing those depths of human sin, and even of human calamity, which many natures are made to know, although they may never give voice to their sufferings. The thoughts of those who are made to dwell in darkness, "as those that have been long dead," were unfamiliar to him. There is little or no indication in any of his writings of this profoundly painful side of human and Christian experience; and this absence of spiritual pain in himself has left its impress upon his theology. This is the true explanation of deficiencies which some have found in that theology, but the true key to which they have not been at pains to seek. It is so much easier to mark defects, and even to give a sinister genesis of them, than to study facts and to acknowledge how infinitely complex is our common nature, and how imperfectly any one, even the most gifted, realizes all sides of its experience. It was simply impossible for one with Stanley's spiritual constitution to make his own the pessimistic doctrines of an Augustine, or a Calvin, or even a Bunyan. They were to him so far intelligible because God had given him a wonderful insight into the most conflicting varieties of Christian feeling; but he could not understand certain darker forms of spiritual experience as necessary verities of that experience, and still less as necessary elements of a comprehensive Christian science. They were to him shadows more or less morbid, born of an unhappiness which he had never known, and which did not seem to him necessarily to enter into the order of Christian thought. Are we to regret this? Would it were given to many more to pass like him through this "valley of the shadow" to that brighter vision of hope and charity which was the familiar haunt of his benign spirit! But a man may not be the less a theologian because he has

never entered "into the depths" with St. Augustine, or because the dark technicalities of Puritanism are unintelligible to him. Are Clement of Alexandria and Origen, or Gregory Nazianzen and Chrysostom, not theologians? Are the author of "*De Imitatione Christi*," or Erasmus, or Colet, or the whole noble band of the Cambridge Platonists in the seventeenth century to be disparaged because to them Augustinianism was uncongenial and Calvin no prophet? It is a poor spirit which judges all things, and theology among other things, from a single point of view, and so narrows and hardens itself into a sectarianism, which fails to discriminate good from evil, and so often bans where it ought to bless. It is the glory of Christianity that it blossoms into a manifold diversity of spiritual fruit, and no less is it the glory of Christian science and its schools that they make room for the most varied capacities of thought and experience—for an Alexandrian Clement no less than a Carthaginian Tertullian, for a Pelagius and Cassian no less than an Augustine—for a Milman, a Thirlwall, and a Stanley no less than a Mansel and a Mozley.

A single word further as to the supposed negative tendency of Stanley's writings. Every spiritual teacher in our day is necessarily more or less negative if in sympathy with his age and the current of opinion most strongly influencing it. There is still a large work of demolition to do in the region of theological tradition before the process of reconstruction and positive advance can be begun. Theology in all its branches is being reduced under the law of that historical science which is the birth of our own generation; and, as in other departments of knowledge, so in this, it requires to be shown on what uncertain and unproved foundations many of the accumulations of the past rest, before we can begin to build anew on foundations more strictly verified. It is enough, in the estimation of some, to say of a theologian that he is negative, to condemn him, and to regard his work with suspicion. This feeling is respectable, and in some it is thoroughly honest; but it is largely the offspring of prejudice and ignorance. Theology touches closely great interests and great affections. It is right therefore that its treasures should be fenced by conservative instincts. For, in a time like ours particularly, there are intellects altogether aggressive, which delight merely in negation, and can see no good in any pious inheritance which has

come down to us. Such intellects break away from tradition altogether, and the further they travel from it, into the bleak wastes of Agnosticism, the further they suppose themselves travelling towards truth. It is well, therefore, that the reins of advance should be held tightly, and that the eyes of the orthodox should be in all places, watching the pioneers of a new Christian science. But there is a natural limit to such jealous conservatism here and everywhere. In theology, as in everything else, nothing that is untrustworthy, or, in other words, unverifiable, in its own sphere, can be held long, or without danger; and, however delicate the task, nothing can free the modern theologian from the necessity of indicating how far the old must give way before the new light of criticism that is now searching the foundations of all knowledge. He must often work, like the builders of the second temple, with a weapon of offence in one hand, as well as an implement of construction in the other; and every man's work must be judged, not according to its accidents, but its spirit. There are negations which are not only necessary, but in the highest degree useful. Rubbish of all kinds has to be cleared away before new structures can be laid, or rise in any fair proportion.

Dean Stanley's mind was essentially critical and historical. He saw into the meanings of past things, especially sacred things, with a quite divine insight. I know of no genius that rivals his discernment within the sphere of sacred history in its personal and political aspects. He saw face to face its great characters, and has drawn many of them to the life as no one else has done. He saw to the core of its complex institutions, overlaid as they have been with endlessly derivative meanings, sometimes the very reverse of that out of which they sprang, as no one before him had done, and least of all many of those German inquirers whose vastly learned labors have yet so greatly contributed to this result. They prepared the way for a Stanley and for others; but how often do they themselves grope with shut eyes amidst their piles of learning? But, seeing as Stanley did so clearly, he saw the outside as well as the inside of things. He saw the "wood, hay, stubble," as well as "precious stones," which had grown, we may say, into the edifice of the Christian Church. He saw the exaggerated and parasitic, no less than the normal developments of Christian thought and life. And so far necessarily

his work was often negative. He had not only natural limits of spiritual experience like all other men; but the very acuteness of his critical faculty gave a negative turn to many of his writings, and conspicuously so to his volume on "Christian Institutions"—the most perfect summary of his teaching, as it is in some respects the most characteristic production of his genius. Out of the very brightness of his vision the shadows as well as the substance show forth distinctly, and the reality could only be made clear to others by his drawing the one as well as indicating the other. Through all his lectures on the "History of the Jewish Church," and on the "Eastern Church," as well as in this final volume, his mind vividly seizes the accidents and accessories as well as the inner life of the personalities and institutions of which he treats. He realizes with both imaginative and critical insight the picture of the past in all its surroundings; and this picture, seen in its fullness, is a semblance as much as a reality. It is the picture of things that decay, and with every new age are "ready to vanish away," as well as of "things that remain." Just because it is a complete and true picture, it is this. The negative qualities of Stanley's genius, therefore, if we choose to call them such, were essentially bound up with its positive qualities. This in some degree explains also his inadequate account of the creed of the early Christians, although here he was no doubt influenced by a natural feeling—apt to sway the modern school—of emphasizing what has been forgotten, and touching with undue color meanings which the older orthodoxy had overlaid and covered out of sight. Stanley's peculiar mission, as we shall see, was to reiterate the moral side of Christian doctrine; to show how essential this side always is; and, in doing this, he has not always done justice to its more distinctively revealed, or, as some have said, its divine side.

But before turning to this aspect of his work, it is necessary to speak of his general contributions to the study of Christian history. He was eminently an historian—a *raconteur*. In other words, he could tell a story, whether in writing or by word of mouth, with a vivacity, picturesqueness, force, and humor—humor never obtrusive, but far more often present in his writings than it is given some to perceive—which has been seldom surpassed. He is always interesting—the first condition of story-telling. He at-

tracts an audience; he makes the reader hang over his pages, as he could make hearers hang upon his conversation. There are dull creatures, especially, I fear, among theologians, who think, and sometimes say, that a man cannot be so interesting and at the same time accurate and full of knowledge. No doubt liveliness paints with a striking rather than a cautious brush; and errors of detail can be pointed out in Stanley's historical lectures. He could not range over so wide a field as he did without coming across sections which he understood less thoroughly and had examined less carefully than others. But what historical student does not commit errors? and what a delight it is to other historical students to point them out! All blunder more or less; but how few excel, as Stanley does, in bringing the past to life again, in setting Hebrew patriarch and Jewish prophet, the leaders of ancient Councils or of semi-barbarous Churches, before the mind's eye! How few can trace, as he does, the connecting threads of the most diverse spiritual and ecclesiastical developments, till we see the same original life clothing itself with manifold and even opposite expression! Who can unravel, as he does, the traditional folds which have gathered around sacrament and ritual—pope and Covenanter alike—till we stand beside their cradle and look upon the human yet divine simplicities out of which they have sprung? Who has thrown, as he has done, the mantle of love over the feuds of rhetoric and dogma, and made them ashamed of their strife and bitterness? These are gifts of genius for which we never can be too thankful, although, alas! some are not thankful to the genial giver. They would dwell in darkness because they love it, and the light is troublesome to their purblind eyes. But, of all powers, none is so precious, and none so rare, as the *power of giving light*—of making rough places plain and crooked things straight—which Dean Stanley possessed in such abundant measure. In recent times we have had many great Church historians. Not to speak of the divine sympathy and penetration and ideality of a Neander, or the comprehensive and frequently profound thoughtfulness of a Bunsen, there was one in his own Church who in some respects was a theological father to Stanley—Dean Milman—whose large genius he never ceased to admire and revere. Milman's truly splendid gifts as the historian of Latin Chris-

tianity have never perhaps had sufficient justice done to them. And one reason of this is that, with all the splendor of his historical conceptions, in which he quite rivals his favorite master, Gibbon, he has not the gift of simplicity. There is a frequent complexity and consequent obscurity in his very splendor. No historic pen can be more brilliant — with heavy masses of color such as impress us in the civic pictures of Rembrandt at Amsterdam — but his brilliancy, while it moves and excites every reader that can rise to the greatness of his theme, does not in many cases "lighten" his readers. It lacks simplicity and purity of touch. Stanley has both in an unusual measure. The color of his style is seldom splendid, but it is always pure and luminous, with most exquisite beauties of delicacy and picturesqueness. How many have owed to his "Lectures on the Jewish Church" their first real glimpses into the old life depicted in Scripture, their first realization that the characters and scenes of Scripture were living realities — nay, that the truths of Scripture were vital and human, as well as celestial — truths which no doubt had come down from heaven, but which had also grown out of the warm heart of man, and been moulded by ancient circumstances, many of which have passed away.

This was Stanley's pre-eminent mission as an ecclesiastical lecturer and theologian — to re-humanize sacred truth; to show on what a deep and radical basis of morality it all rested; and how inextricably its human and divine, its moral and theological elements are mingled. This was his distinction; and near to this, as I have already indicated, lay his weakness, although this weakness, in my opinion, has been often mistaken and exaggerated. Stanley was an ecclesiastic; he was also, in a very unusual degree, if not to a large technical extent, a theologian. Only those who knew him well could know how thoroughly absorbed he was in his great profession, and how the thought of it, and what it might yet do for mankind, directed all the activities of his life. But he was first of all a man with the most varied human sympathies and tastes, with a genuine devotion to literature, with a lively interest in politics, and the most sensitive appreciation of the drifts of literary and political opinion. And so his profession never appeared to him something apart from ordinary life. He was particularly fond, as every one knows, of identifying our higher literature, having any spiritual

import, with theology, as when he spoke of Robert Burns and Walter Scott as theologians. We may agree with him in this or not; but, at least, this shows in a marked manner how human was his conception of all higher truth, and how constant was his tendency to draw down theology, as Socrates is said to have done philosophy, from heaven to earth. There is a sense, of course, in which it is easy to misrepresent such a tendency, and many have emphasized what they consider the danger of this feature of Stanley's teaching. It is said that he lost or obscured the divine side in the human; that the hidden mystery of spiritual truth which the Church has embodied in her great creeds, and which it is her special function to inculcate, was too little recognized and appreciated by him. He made distinctive Church teaching, and what our divinity schools specially mean by theology, of too little account. We are not prepared to say that there is not some force in this criticism. But this is only to admit that you can have no good without some natural tendency to excess. There has been nothing more urgently required in our time than the re-humanizing of theological and of all biblical teaching. Sacred thought has passed into a region of conventionality and abstraction which left it almost powerless as an instrument of moral education. It had become commonplace in the pulpit; dry-as-dust in the schools; a fetish to conjure with rather than a light to guide among higher and lower sects alike. It has a constant tendency, through the presumptions of sacerdotalism on the one hand, and the illusions of popular superstition on the other, to assume this species of apotheosis, and pass into a mere empty glory around the head of the Church, instead of a living fire in its heart. There is no subject perhaps of which even educated men and women are so ignorant, and yet no subject which they love more to handle, and as to which they are apt to feel sure that they are right and all others wrong — a confidence born, like so many other confidences, from the depths of ignorance. All this has a tendency to convert theology, as it long did, and still to some extent does philosophy, into a mere nomenclature. Now, to a mind so simple, direct, and vital as Stanley's, this was intolerable; and all his teaching was designed more or less to counteract this result. Theological doctrines which did not seem to him to touch the conscience or affect the conduct, which lost them-

selves in abstractions which had no moral — rather seemed to him to have an immoral — meaning; were apt to be regarded by him more or less as nonsense, or as playthings of the schools — mere matter of argument or definition which, after all, never defined or settled anything. As this abstract tendency had so long prevailed in theology, and accomplished so little either for the peace or usefulness of the Church, so he was disposed, perhaps too summarily, to think that there was no good in it, and to pass to the opposite extreme of minimizing the divine deposit of truth, and rejecting from it all that could not be brought into direct contact with the human consciousness.

We have seen the same reaction take place in our day in a special department of Christian study which engaged his warm interest, and to which he would probably have made some special contribution if his life had been prolonged. I mean the study of the life of our Lord. It is deeply significant to every thoughtful mind how this study has been transformed in our own generation, or at least during the last forty years — what new light has been thrown in consequence upon this life — how far more living and true the divine portrait of the Gospels has become to all spiritual sense. And yet there are few spiritual thinkers also who do not feel that this good has not been got without some harm; that, in humanizing and clothing with life the divine form, some of its deeper divine lineaments are apt to disappear, in the "Lives of Jesus" with which our time has teemed, and not least in some of those written from the most orthodox point of view.

We do not venture to say, therefore, that Dean Stanley, in bringing down theological truth from the more abstract celestial region where it had so long dwelt, has not sometimes failed to appreciate its deeper meaning. He has been so intent upon showing its moral interest, and the points where it touches the great common necessities of the spiritual life, that he has sometimes forgotten the fulness of its divine import. In his effort to reach simplicity, he has not only brushed aside scholasticism, but he has failed at times to connote the essential complexities that lie in those "deep things of God," which no man knoweth — which the impulses of natural piety do not reach. That this region of pure divine thought, of theology in the strict etymological sense of the word, has been exaggerated, I am dis-

posed with him to believe; and, further to think that there is a great lesson of Christian Agnosticism to be learned in this direction by all our Churches. But this lesson, I conceive, is not a lesson of negation, but of intellectual humility, or of pause before awful mysteries which we can never measure. The mysteries are all the same there; and we desire to look into them, and are right in doing so, if only we look with reverence in our hearts, rather than with definition upon our lips. We cannot get quit of them by any attempt to reduce them to mere types of human feeling or aspiration. Such an attempt must prove at once inadequate and misleading; and profounder spirits know that the depths of the divine nature, and even of the divine love, are not sounded by any mere analysis of moral motive.

The most conspicuous illustration of what we mean is to be found in Dean Stanley's essay in his last volume — already referred to — on "The Creed of the Early Christians." Nowhere, perhaps, has he indicated more distinctly his own theological standpoint than in this essay; and no part of the volume is more likely to provoke criticism — provocative in this way as most of it is. There is much that is true and much that is beautiful in the line of thought which pervades the essay; and the natural, historical, and moral meanings which he has given to the doctrine of the Trinity — the threefold name of Father, Son, and Spirit — which is the highest sum of the Christian faith. But I cannot think that his exposition is adequate, either historically or theologically. It is a triumph of simplicity; but the triumph is purchased at too great a cost. There is more in the divine doctrine of the Trinity than he makes clear. Indeed his clearness here is only got by limit and concentration of vision which shut out true tracks of spiritual thought; and nowhere perhaps does his characteristic indisposition and incapacity for speculation or pure philosophical thinking appear more prominently. If any readers who are at the same time theological students will turn from Stanley's brief pages to Neander's exposition in the fourth volume of the ordinary translation of his "History of the Church," or still more to Dörner's volumes on "The Doctrine of the Person of Christ," they will understand at once what I mean. Both of these profound theologians, one of whom is still happily spared to us, have, in virtue of their spiritual insight and speculative

subtlety, thrown a flood of light around this great doctrine, and shown from what important and seminal distinctions of thought it was elaborated by the early Church. Like every other doctrine, it can only be understood in connection with all the spiritual and speculative development of the time which produced it. The theologian must go to the roots of ontological thinking, as ramified in the conflicting systems of the early centuries. Least of all subjects does it admit of a merely popular or moral analysis. We cannot think, therefore, that Dean Stanley's exposition of the creed of the early Christians is successful from a theological point of view, although a great deal of it is both true and significant. It was not on such subjects, but on points of faith and doctrine touching more nearly our common spiritual experience, that his delicate penetration and simple directness of mind appeared to advantage. Yet, even here he did good in recalling the Christian mind from abstractions, and showing what a wealth of moral meaning lies in the Trinitarian conception of the Godhead. He has not expounded all the fulness of this conception as it was born in the mind of the early Church. But he has thrown interesting lights upon it, and made it more living and intelligible. Here, as elsewhere, he has given human interest, if not adequate interpretation, to a dogma more removed than any other from mere human apprehension.

But if it was Stanley's mission to humanize or moralize Christian theology, it was still more his mission to simplify and universalize the idea of the Church. It was more his mission to do this, because he was more an ecclesiastic and ecclesiastical writer than he was a theologian. He was more fascinated by institutions than he was by dogmas or even ideas. His mind was highly political and administrative, far more so than it was scientific in any form; and the bulk of his last volume is devoted to an analysis of the various institutions and usages of the Christian Church from a purely human and historical point of view. It cannot be said that there is anything absolutely new in this volume; the results of its researches have been long known and acknowledged by all historical students; but never before were these results and the processes by which they are reached presented in so interesting and readable a form. The book is as interesting as a novel, we were about to say; but, in truth, it is far more interesting than most nov-

els, and it is gratifying to know what a widespread attention it is attracting, and how very beneficial its influence is likely to prove. This is especially gratifying, because nothing is so difficult as to convey to what may be called the denominational mind the results of pure research in the domain of Christian criticism and history. Do what scholars may, ecclesiastical and theological questions are still held by large numbers in all our Churches to be questions of authority rather than of inquiry and criticism—to be determined by dogmatic assertion rather than by evidence and sound reasoning, like all other questions. The statement of the priest or minister is supposed to set aside the researches of the student, and so ignorance is born of ignorance, and the voice of truth is put out of court altogether. How interminable, for example, remain our controversies as to the nature and efficacy of the sacraments, the validity of ordination and absolution, the true position and order of the clergy! The layers of ignorant prejudice surrounding all these subjects seem impregnable, and the grossest fallacies regarding them recur over and over again in social conversation and newspaper correspondence. And yet it may be said that recent critical and historical research has determined for all impartial minds, who can weigh evidence, one and all of those questions—and determined them, as it may be supposed, in the interest of no single Church. The sacraments as originally instituted and administered, absolution and ordination as originally practised, the clergy as they gradually developed in their several orders, were all different from anything now seen in any Church in Christendom. They are altered simply because they have obeyed the laws of change and modification which all other human institutions undergo, and it is no more possible that the usages of any modern Church should resemble those of the early Church than it is possible that a Christian on the banks of the Thames or the Tweed should resemble in his outward dress and the form of his outward life a Christian on the banks of the Jordan or the Tiber. The law of historical development is as sure as, and in my opinion far more distinctly proved as yet than, any law of cosmical development, and the recognition of this law by all modern students of theology and Church history is as surely changing the face of Christian thought and opinion in the higher sphere of historical research as

the great generalization of Mr. Darwin is changing the face of natural science. That all sacerdotalism, in its exclusive and offensive sense — whether it be Anglican or Puritan — the former of which had its origin in the fourth century, the other in the seventeenth — is destined to disappear before this new spirit of inquiry is merely a question of time — it may be a long time.* I cannot doubt, however, that truth will triumph here as elsewhere, hard as it is to kill prejudices which not only minister to human passion and vanity, but no doubt also embody ideal, however illusory, aims. And in the mean time a volume like this of Dean Stanley on "Christian Institutions" helps the progress of right thought in an indefinite degree.

It is remarkable and highly significant that it is to the Church of England more than to any other Church that we owe within our own day the historical explosion of those sacerdotal fallacies which still to a large but hardly an enlightened section of that Church constitute the foundation upon which it rests. Dean Milman, the greatest historical genius which it has produced, may be said to have led the way which has been followed by his friend Dean Stanley, by the Bishop of Durham, and now by Mr. Hatch, whose remarkable "Bampton Lectures," only published this year, have given the final and conclusive blow to the ecclesiastical dogmatism about the clergy which has so long infested all our Churches, and operated as a barrier not only to their union, but to their kindly and intelligent co-operation. If any have difficulties on the subject of the organization of the early Christian Churches after reading Dean Stanley's volume, I commend to them Mr. Hatch's "Lectures," which has applied with a success which leaves nothing to be desired both "historical science" and "the historical temper" to its elucidation. I would especially commend the study of this volume in certain quarters for which I have a great respect; for I know how much kindly sympathy and enthusiasm lie there behind long-cher-

ished but really untrustworthy convictions on this subject.

While all these names deserve honor in this line of modern inquiry, none is more honorable than, and none has been so influential as, Dean Stanley. The charm of his facile and graceful pen has told in this direction more than in any other. He has taken us to the fountain-head of Christian institutions, and shown us how naturally they have sprung out of the human circumstances attending their beginning; how the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper have developed from simple usages which were in existence long before the Christian Church; how purely moral was their intent; how confession and absolution in their primitive form were personal and congregational without intervention of priest or presbyter; how for "the first twelve centuries" no words were used in the ordination of any Christian minister giving him anything of the nature of sacerdotal authority. "It was not till the thirteenth century — the age when the materialistic theory of the sacraments and the extravagant pretensions of pontifical and sacerdotal power were at their height — that such words were first introduced into the Ordinals of the Latin Church:"* while "in the whole Eastern Church they are never used at all for this purpose."† In reference to the clergy and the general constitution of the Church, he has shown over again by demonstrable evidence, now accepted by all historical scholars, that bishop and presbyter were identical in the early Church, that "in no instance were the apostles called bishops in any other sense than they were equally called presbyters and deacons," and that "in no instance before the beginning of the third century was the title or function of the Jewish priesthood applied to Christian pastors." "It is as sure," he adds, "that nothing like modern Episcopacy existed before the close of the first century as it is that nothing like modern Presbyterianism existed after the beginning of the second; no existing Church can find any pattern or platform of its government in those early times." "The deacons were the most original of the clerical orders," being invented for the special emergency of the Church in Jerusalem — the presbyters were the "sheiks," the elders — those who by seniority had reached the first rank in the Jewish synagogue, or

* Dean Stanley himself shared the belief that enlightened views will yet universally prevail on the subject of the Church and the clergy. "As alchemy has disappeared to give place to chemistry, as astrology has given way to astronomy, as monastic celibacy has given way to domestic purity, as bull-fights and bear-baits have given way to innocent and elevating amusements, as scholastic casuistry has bowed before the philosophy of Bacon and Pascal, so will the belief in the magical offices of a sacerdotal caste vanish before the growth of manly Christian independence and generous Christian sympathy." (*Christian Institutions*, p. 147.)

* Page 146.

† *Ibid.*

who composed the committee or council of a Gentile congregation.* The bishops were the same, viewed under another aspect, the "inspectors," "auditors," or "administrators,"† of the primitive congregation.

The various orders of the Christian ministry point to their essentially lay origin, and their affinity with the great secular world, of which the elements had been pronounced from the beginning of Christianity to be neither "common nor unclean." In other words, defining the definite and sure result of historical science on this subject, the various grades of the Christian clergy have sprung up in Christian society in the same way, and by the same divine, because the same natural, necessity—as the various grades of government, law, or science—a necessity only more urgent, more universal, and therefore more divine, in so far as the religious and intellectual wants of mankind are of a more general, of a more simple, and therefore of a more divine kind than their social and physical wants.‡

But I must draw this address to a close. It has been a congenial task to me, as I hope it may not prove uninteresting to you, to direct your thoughts to the significant aspects of Dean Stanley's work as a spiritual teacher and theologian. It will prove, I believe, enduring work; and we have here a special interest in it. It delighted him in his moments of cheerful enthusiasm to speak of "my own St. Andrews." I recall with a strange tenderness the first visit which he made to its historic scenes, afterwards picturesquely described by him, and to St. Mary's College—now twenty-six years ago—and all my friendship with him since, not forgotten in the last touching moments of his life. I should be happy if I could inspire any of you by his beautiful spirit and by his luminous and large catholicity both of mind and temper. I would fain have spoken more of him as a man, but I cannot trust myself to do this. I would fain also have spoken of him more at length as a writer. With him has doubtless disappeared one of the greatest masters of modern English—one who not only never failed to clothe his thoughts in the most lucid, simple, and graceful expression, but the touches of whose pen gave forth at every point sparkles of living and delicate beauty that bewitch the taste while they touch the heart. Who that heard them can forget his descriptions of our ancient city, "with the skel-

eton of its antique magnificence lifting up its gaunt arms to the sky, and the two voices sounding through it, 'one of the sea—one of the cathedral,' each a mighty voice; * or, again, the tender beauty and pathos of his sketch of the young Archbishop Stewart, who fell on the field of Flodden? "Of all the flowers of the forest that were there 'wede away,' surely none was more lovely, more precious than this young Marcellus of the Scottish Church. If he fell under the memorable charge of my namesake on that fatal day, may he accept thus late the lament which a kinsman of his foe would fain pour over his untimely bier." †

* Stanley's Addresses, p. 16.

† Ibid. p. 46.

From Chambers' Journal.

YULE-TIME IN SHETLAND.

BY AN OLD SHETLANDER.

I SUPPOSE most people know that Yule was the name originally applied by our Scandinavian ancestors to the great annual festival of the winter solstice, which they celebrated with feasting and revelry and wassail "in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun-wheel."

Shetlanders do not speak of Christmas so much as of Yule. Nay, more, if you were asking a native why Yule is kept as a holiday, the chances are that his reply would contain no reference whatever to the Nativity. He would simply say, it "had aye been kept by the auld folk"—meaning his forefathers. Be that as it may, Yule is in Shetland the great holiday of the year, or at least was so when I was a boy. But Yule was not the 25th of December by the modern calendar, but the 6th of January; for in the "melancholy isles of furthest Thule," time was always reckoned according to the "old style." We were always, therefore, twelve days behind the rest of the civilized world. All that, however, is now passing away, thanks to steamboats and electric telegraphs and newspapers and general intercourse with the south; and I dare say Yule, the dear Yule I remember so well, will ere long be known and spoken of only as a tradition; for altogether life in those islands is now very different from what it was some fifty or sixty years ago.

But before giving you a little description of Yule in Shetland, as we kept it when I was a boy, a few prefatory notices

* See Hatch's Lectures.

† Ibid.

‡ Page 197.

of the circumstances and conditions of life in the Ultima Thule of those days, may not, I hope, be uninteresting.

In the time I am speaking of there were no roads in Shetland, and our remote northern island of Unst had very little intercourse with the outer world, except by a post-runner who passed, on foot, once a week between us and our metropolis, Lerwick, taking two days to traverse the distance each way. Two small trading schooners, the "Magnus Troil" and the "Norna," ran very irregularly between Leith and the Shetlands, making on an average five or six passages in the year. It was a great advance when an old, rickety little sloop of some thirty or forty tons, which had been a cod-smack, was put on the passage between Lerwick and the north isles for a few months in summer; but during the greater part of the year, if one required to go from these north isles south to Lerwick, the only available means at command — unless he chose the overland route, which meant tramping over wild, wet moorland hills, and crossing several dangerous ferries, where the tide runs at the rate of six to ten miles an hour — was by sea in a six-oared boat, which was expensive and often very perilous. Mails from the south arrived at very irregular intervals by the trading schooners, or some chance smack that might be coming north. There was no regular mail service until 1836, when a weekly steamer was put on for the summer months between Leith and Lerwick, calling at Aberdeen, Wick, and Kirkwall; and a packet schooner, between Aberdeen and Lerwick direct, during the rest of the year; but six weeks would sometimes elapse between the passages made by the latter.

It will be guessed that, thus circumstanced, we were thrown very much upon our own resources for necessary supplies of food and clothing. On the approach of winter, that is about the beginning of November, a bullock, a pig, and half a dozen or more of the small, semi-wild native sheep, were slaughtered and cured. Everything was utilized. Tripe was carefully salted; black puddings, white puddings, and sausage puddings were made, together with some other combinations of meat and suet unknown, I believe, except in those islands; and the tallow was converted into candles. Ample stores of groceries of all sorts, meal and the like, were laid in from Leith; and thus preparations were made for the dark and dead half of the year.

Then as to amusements: there were, I need hardly say, nothing of the nature of theatricals, no circuses or strolling menageries — in fact, no shows of any kind. Neither were there any fairs or wappinchaws. "Highland games" were unknown, and there never was such a thing as a meeting of athletes to contend for prizes and local fame; neither were there ever any regattas or boat-races; and the native youth were utterly ignorant of cricket, shinty, quoits, golf, and even curling. Almost the only out-of-door game known, or at least practised, was football, in which boys and lads, and once in the year — on Yule-day — many middle-aged men who had boys and lads of their own, engaged with splendid vigor and spirit. But of that more anon. It will thus be evident that in our remote and isolated home the routine life of each day was uneventful and monotonous in the extreme, except when perchance word would come, after a wild night of tempest, that some ship had been dashed to pieces on the rock-bound coasts and many lives lost or saved as the case might be. Little wonder, then, that Yule-time with its festivities, its feasting, and its fun, was looked forward to by us youngsters with eager anticipation, and when it came round was enjoyed with a zest, which it is not easy for dwellers in more favored climes and more stirring localities to understand.

We formed a little family society amongst ourselves. First and foremost, there was my uncle the laird, or, as he was invariably called, "the Mester," a staunch Conservative in Church and State politics and social customs — a kindly, genial, hospitable soul — in a word, a fine specimen of "a gentleman of the old school." Then there was an elderly maiden aunt, who lived in a cottage by herself with an old female servant, who had been an institution in the family for at least half a century; one of those faithful and attached domestics now unfortunately becoming so rare. And lastly, there was my father the doctor, with a big family of boys and girls, of whom I was neither the eldest nor the youngest. The three houses were as nearly as possible equidistant from each other — something less than half a mile. Amongst the three families, we managed to make the most of the festive season. Christmas proper, namely the 25th December, was "kept" by us, the members of the other two families spending the day with us; and on New Year's day, Aunt Mary had us all at her decorous and

kindly board. But the juveniles reckoned these as very mild and milk-and-water affairs. *Yule*, namely the 6th of January, was the great day, which, true to his conservative instincts and principles, my uncle celebrated, much, I fancy, as it had been celebrated by our forefathers in the old house from time immemorial, and into which was crowded an extraordinary amount of feasting and mirth and innocent revelry. He also kept Auld New'r's-day (13th January); and we, the boys, were always invited to his house for the week from Yule e'en till after Auld New'r'sday; and didn't we just have a right royal time of it! You shall hear.

Certain very important preparations for the Yule festival had always to be made. We invariably got a new suit of clothes for the occasion — the cloth not unfrequently the gift of our kind uncle. But whether a gift or a purchase, it was always much easier to get the cloth than the clothes. It required a tremendous struggle to have our outfit ready in time. Our island, it is true, could boast of a professional tailor who had "served his time" in Lerwick, and understood his trade remarkably well. But Charlie was more than a tailor; and, in fact, it was a very small portion of his time that he devoted to tailoring. He was by turns a boatman, a pilot, a fisherman in a desultory and erratic sort of way, a fish-curer, a ploughman, a carpenter, a barber, a bird-stuffer. At one time he would be shooting rabbits or hunting them with a collie by moonlight; at another, taming wild ponies; at another, breaking oxen to the yoke; at another, away with "the Mester" seal-hunting; at another, accompanying some traveller from the south on his rounds with a pack of merchandise or patterns. A veritable Jack-of-all-trades was Charlie; but an honest, faithful, trustworthy soul, and a great ally of ours. I don't know how we should have got on without Charlie. He was full of shifts and ingenuity, a man of infinite resources, and withal obliging and cheerful. He had, however, a notion that he was not robust, and that continuous application at his trade was injurious to his health — an exceedingly preposterous idea, and falsified by the fact that he still survives, a hale old fellow well past fourscore years; but it was a convenient excuse for off-putting. We therefore found it no easy matter to get a job out of his hands. A month or more before Yule, the materials would be conveyed to him, with many injunctions to set to work at once, and in earnest — a thing he never

did. Every two or three days a visit would be paid, to see how he was getting on; but progress was provokingly slow. He never thought of serious work until a week before Yule, and then he did work night and day; and I am bound to say that we always did get the outfit on Yule e'en!

Another invariable and important preparation for Yule was the making of the football, Yule being always the inauguration day of the season. The bladder of the "mert," or pig, had been previously secured, carefully salted — very likely in an old brown teapot — and set away in the most remote corner of a cupboard. We shaped and sewed the leather covering ourselves; but to get the "quarters" cut of the proper shape to secure a perfect sphere, which we considered a matter of the utmost importance, was an affair of great anxiety and study. We had certain rough rules for shaping the pattern, but were not always successful in giving it just the proper curve. The leather was not obtained from the shops, for two reasons: it cost us more than we could conveniently afford out of our slender pocket-money; and we found, or thought we found, that "Scotch" shoe-leather — the only description procurable in the shops — was very spongy and too heavy; so the leather we used was native tanned — and, indeed, our boots and shoes were for the most part made of the same material. Some poor pony having met with a tragic end — tumbled over some precipice, or been murdered by a raven picking out its eyes, or smothered in a peat-bog — the skin was handed to a venerable fisherman, Magnus (or rather Maans) Manson by name, who was particularly skilful in a small way as a tanner. The bark he used was the root of a small yellow wild-flower which grows plentifully on light sandy soils in Shetland. The thinnest parts of the tanned hide were always secured for our football.

A few days before the eventful day, we were on the *qui vive* of expectancy for the invitation from our uncle, which we always looked for, but were never sure of till it arrived; and we kept a very constant watch for the messenger. At last we would spy the little lassie coming across the fields. The note which she brought was delivered to our father, and commonly ran thus: "MY DEAR —, We hope you will all spend Yule with us, as usual; and please say to the boys I shall be very glad if they will come on Yule e'en and stay till after New'r'sday."

While the note is being read, we are trying to look utterly unconcerned and unsuspicious, as though we had no idea that we had the least interest in its contents. Our father reads the note solemnly, and then turns to us and says gravely: "Boys, this is a note from your uncle. He asks us all for Yule-day, and he invites you to come on Yule e'en to stay till over New'r'sday. I suppose I may say that you will be very happy to go?" We make no verbal response—only a delighted smile, which he shrewdly interprets to mean he will be strictly correct in saying that, and very much the opposite if he does not say it. The messenger takes back the reply; and we bound across fields and dikes and ditches to see how Charlie is getting on.

Yule e'en arrives at last. Our brand-new suit, new boots also, and clean shirts and collars and socks are carefully packed in our carpet-bag by the sympathetic mother's hand; and we transfer it and ourselves to our uncle's hospitable house, feeling very happy. Speculation is busy in regard to the prospects of the weather for the morrow, as, of course, very much of the pleasure of the day depends on the weather. The barometer is consulted; weather-wise folk are asked their opinion; and we fervently hope it will be fine. Presently, a substantial supper is discussed; and in a state of delicious excitement, suspense, and anticipation, we coil ourselves under the blankets, and try to sleep.

Long before the late day-dawn of those high latitudes, we are up and about, and in ecstasies of delight if—as I shall suppose—the morning is fine. The day's feasting begins about nine o'clock with a breakfast of the most substantial and tempting description. No porridge on Yule morning! The dining-room table is groaning with good things—a huge round of cold corned beef, savory sausages, fried fish, eggs, rolls steaming from the oven, flour scones kneaded with milk and butter, a species of oatcake called "fat brunnies," so rich and free that they will scarcely hold together, jam and marmalade, and tea with plenty of sugar and rich cream. Our excellent and healthy appetites having got an additional sharpness by the keen air and exercise of the morning, we do ample justice to the good things before us. But before we rise from the table, we have yet to partake of the crowning glory of a Yule breakfast, and without which we should not look upon it as a Yule breakfast at all. From

the sideboard are now brought and set before our host a large old china punch-bowl, kept expressly for the purpose; a salver, with very ancient, curiously-shaped large glasses—also kept sacred to the occasion—and a cake-basket heaped with rich crisp shortbread. The bowl contains *whipcol*, the venerable and famous Yule breakfast beverage. I do not know the origin or etymology of the name *whipcol*. I do not think it is to be found in any of the dictionaries. I do not know if it was a Yule drink of our viking ancestors in the days of paganism. I do not know if there was any truth in the tradition that it was the favorite drink of the dwellers in Valhalla, gods and heroes, when they kept their high Yule festival. But this I know: there never was in the old house a Yule breakfast without it. It had come down to us from time immemorial, and was indissolubly associated with Yule morning. That is all I can say about it, except that I am able to give the constituents of this luscious beverage, which is not to be confounded with eggflip. The yolks of a dozen fresh eggs are whisked for about half an hour with about one pound of sifted loaf sugar; nearly half a pint of old rum is added, and then about half a quart of rich, sweet cream. A bumper of this, tossed off to many happy returns of Yule-day, together with a large square of shortbread, always rounded up our Yule breakfast.

Almost immediately thereafter, football commenced. Most of our masculine neighbors, boys and lads, and men up to well-nigh fifty years of age, were wont to be invited; and when all were assembled on the spacious lawn, my uncle appeared, made a little congratulatory speech, and distributed drams to the seniors, and cake to all comers. Healths were drunk, and hearty Yule greetings exchanged; and then two—perhaps three—sets of players were arranged; goals were set, and the play began. Our uncle and father looked on and watched with interest the progress of the game. When goals were changed, there was sure to be another round of drams, to keep up the spirit and energies of the players, and because, as my uncle would say to his well-pleased audience, "every day was not Yule-day;" and so the game went on fast and furious till close upon the dinner hour—three o'clock—when light failed.

The Yule dinner was as ponderously substantial an affair as the breakfast. My uncle always had a choice bullock well fattened and slaughtered for the Yule fes-

tivities, as also the best wether that his flock could produce; so there was no lack of fresh meat at this season; and somehow he never seemed pleased at those times unless he saw not only ample but lavish abundance on his table. Dinner usually consisted of soup, fish, roast beef, boiled mutton, plum pudding, apple pie, tarts, jellies, and creams; followed by a dessert of fruit, oranges, apples, figs, plums, raisins, and almonds, which — the dessert I mean — we youngsters relished most of all, as we never saw or tasted those delicacies except at Yule-time. The brief interval between dinner and tea was all the rest we had during the day; and by this time it may be supposed we were pretty well stuffed and used up.

But the proceedings of the day were not yet over. A number of my uncle's tenants in our neighborhood, and their wives and sons and daughters, having been invited to a dance in the evening, they began to drop in about six o'clock. When all were assembled, a goodly company of honest fishermen, buxom matrons, stalwart lads, and blithe, rosy-cheeked lasses, all dressed in their Sunday best, tea and cake were handed round. Fredamen Stickle, a very prince of fiddlers, summoned from over the hill for the occasion, was elevated on a chair on the top of the dresser in the ample kitchen, my uncle's splendid Stradivarius fiddle in hand, and dancing began. Fredamen — or Frædie as he was familiarly called — was a born musician, and handled the bow with admirable ease, grace, and spirit. His grandfather or great-grandfather was a shipwrecked German sailor, who had married and settled in the island. Probably Frædie's German ancestry had something to do with his remarkable musical tastes and talents. I have a vivid memory of Frædie sitting on his elevated perch, his head thrown back, his bright, light-blue eyes sparkling, and his handsome, mobile, and expressive countenance beaming with smiles of delighted excitement, while his right hand swept the strings with well-rosined bow, and his right foot beat loudly the splendid time like a drumstick. The man's spare but lithe and sinewy body seemed to be transformed into a musical machine; and the music was the most inspiring of its kind I have ever listened to. It was irresistible. It compelled the dullest and the weariest to take the floor *volens volens*. Quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, and the like were unknown and unheard-of dances in those remote regions. But reels and

strathspeys, country-dances and jigs, followed each other in quick succession until eleven o'clock. Then a substantial supper was served, concluding with some rounds of potent punch. But there never was anything approaching to what may be termed excess. "Health and good-night" was drunk, the invited guests dispersed, and we tumbled into bed; and so Yule-day ended.

For a week the feasting continued — the football by day and dancing at night, with sometimes a rubber at whist; for, young as we were, we had learned the noble game, and were keen and by no means bad players. The Yule festival came to a conclusion on New Year's day, "old style," January 13th, which was celebrated by a slightly modified repetition of what I have endeavored to describe as the Yule-day festivities.

Ah me! in writing these reminiscences I have seemed to live over again the happy, joyous days of the old time; and as I lay down my pen, I cannot but think of the changes that have since taken place. How many of those dear ones that made Yule bright and glad some have passed away — uncle, aunt, father, mother, and others of the family circle, all gone; and those who still survive, the youngsters of those days, scattered far apart. Moreover, life in all its aspects, conditions, and circumstances has materially changed. Now there are roads and wheeled vehicles all over the islands. A powerful and commodious steamer plies between Lerwick and the North Isles once, and sometimes twice, a week throughout the year; and several are engaged in the regular trade and carrying the mails twice and, for part of the year, thrice a week between Lerwick and Leith. And yet more, the telegraph wires have brought the inhabitants of the most northerly of the Shetlands into immediate communication with the rest of the world. The "new style" is superseding the old, and Christmas taking the place of Yule, which latter I sadly fear will soon be known only as a tradition.

But after all, will the generation that is now in its sprightly youth be happier for all these changes than we were? I don't know. We had manifold compensations. Chief of these, we were all in all to one another. We knew from experience all that is implied of sweetness and tenderness and sacredness in that choicest of characteristic English words — *home*. Ours was indeed a happy home; and looking back over the many long years that

have elapsed since we all lived together in peace and happiness, I can truly say, that next to the holy lessons we learned from the lips of a saintly mother, my brightest memories are associated with "Yule" in the "Old Rock," as we fondly term those isles of our nativity.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

PERSONAL modesty is perhaps the most remarkable quality of the modern war correspondent. Exclusively attached to the interests of the journal by which he is employed, and anxious only faithfully to chronicle the splendid achievements of the general and officers upon whom he depends largely for his comfort, he feels instinctively that to narrate his own deeds of daring, his hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures, would be altogether out of place, while they would have no interest for the public. Excepting in the rare cases when his personal popularity is so great as to warrant the familiarity of a nickname in the highest circles, or when the extraordinary toughness of his epidermis, and overwhelming devotion to the interests of his journal, induce him to undertake rides of fabulous length and incredible hazard, his very name is unknown; and the thoughtless public, reading a graphic description of hot encounters and fierce cavalry charges, are only too apt to consider the narrator a mere writing-machine, impervious to bullets, and devoid of a stomach. After the lapse of more than ten years, I will venture to break through the reserve which the extreme delicacy of my feelings imposed upon me at the time, and recount a few personal experiences of a campaign during the late Franco-German war, which may illustrate the vicissitudes of a war correspondent's life, and show the public what they lose through the restraints imposed by the etiquette of journalism.

In November 1870, I was one of a numerous fraternity of war correspondents at Versailles. It is needless to allude to the organ of public opinion which I represented, or to the source from which I derived the information, that if I started for Orleans without an hour's delay, I might be in time for a battle. At the moment I was not equipped for campaigning. I had just arrived from another part of Europe, and was fitting myself out lei-

surely. I had picked up a servant at Frankfort, and was negotiating for the purchase of horses, when this disturbing piece of intelligence reached me. It is under these circumstances that the war correspondent comes out strong. To rush to the nearest *fiacre* stand, and hire one on the spot, was the work of a few moments. When the driver asked me where he was to drive to, and I mildly replied Orleans, he naturally objected. Even under the severe rule of the Prussians, he thought he was entitled to resist a *course* of seventy-two miles in length; so I told him to drive me to his own stables. There I conversed with him in the language of common sense, which all the world over means the language of hard cash. In half an hour he had engaged to become my coachman by the month, and to buy me a carriage and a pair of horses; and an hour later I was driving triumphantly out of Versailles with my servant on the box, and my scanty luggage inside, on the road to Orleans. Notwithstanding the promptitude of my movements, I was too late for the battle of Coulmiers, which was the more annoying as no English correspondent witnessed it, and it proved one of the most interesting episodes of the war, as being the only defeat which the Germans sustained, and which, if it had been promptly followed up by General d'Aurelles de Paladines, would have forced them to raise the siege of Paris. I can certify to the fact that the road was perfectly open, as from the moment I left the investing army, to the moment of my joining General von der Tann at Toury, I had not passed a German soldier. The Bavarian force, who had fought more than four times their number at Coulmiers, were so exhausted with the battle and the subsequent retreat, that had D'Aurelles de Paladines fallen upon them at the hour of my arrival, as General von der Tann momentarily expected him to do, they would have been quite unable to offer any resistance, and there would have been nothing to prevent the French army of seventy thousand men taking them all prisoners, and four days later attacking the besieging Germans at Paris. Those who were at Versailles at this juncture will remember the preparations which took place for raising the siege. However, I alluded to all this at the time in the columns of my "organ." What I did not mention was, that I hardly found myself within the German lines when my servant was arrested as a spy, and, to my horror, compromising documents were

found upon him, which not only rendered all attempts to release him hopeless, but indiscreet, as likely to involve me in the same suspicious category. Indeed, for some days afterwards, in spite of my own papers being in order, I felt myself under a cloud. I had left Versailles in such a hurry that I had come unprovided with letters of introduction, and I now found myself not merely without acquaintances, but with no one except a French "cabby," who regarded every soul he met with mingled feelings of fear and aversion, and who, of course, could not speak a word of German, to act as a servant. In one respect this was fortunate, for nearly all the provisions in the village had been exhausted; and had it not been for my coachman's influence as a compatriot, neither he nor his horses nor I should have had anything to eat. Not being attached formally to this particular *corps d'armée*, I had neither lodging nor rations provided for me, but had to scramble for both. Under these circumstances, I was not sorry to stumble upon a German colleague in like distress; and, after giving him some of my dinners, I offered him a share in a room I had secured in the house of a peasant, and a seat in my carriage for the rest of the campaign.

This commenced three days afterwards, on the arrival of the grand duke of Mecklenburg with thirty thousand men. I found myself the only English correspondent with this army, and we made a most enjoyable three weeks' march, through some of the loveliest scenery in France, in pursuit of an enemy who always vanished as we advanced, and whom, if he existed in force, we never overtook. Here, again, D'Aurelles de Paladines lost his chance, for during the whole of these three weeks there was nothing to oppose his march to Paris. We had only two trifling skirmishes — one at Dreux, and the other at Bretoncelles; but the march was by no means devoid of personal incident. The course of procedure which was forced upon me in the earlier part of the campaign by my undefined position with the army, possessed this merit, that it led me into adventures, and procured me experiences, which I should have missed, had I been regularly attached to the headquarter staff. Having to look out for board and lodging for myself, I found that the only chance of obtaining either one or the other, was to go in advance of the army, and hover upon that neutral ground which constantly exposed me to the chance of

being taken prisoner. To start with the rest of the army, to follow in its wake with the baggage, and to arrive after it at the end of the day's march, to find every corner occupied, was to encounter an amount of fatigue, discomfort, and starvation for which nothing could compensate. Whereas to penetrate the mystery overnight of the direction of our march next day, and by the aid of a good map to take circuitous roads, unhampered by troops, — to arrive as soon or sooner than the quarter "makers," as the advanced guard is called, who go ahead to billet the troops for the night — to push on half a mile or so beyond them, and select my own quarters, combined a certain amount of risk with a considerable degree of comfort. By these means I succeeded in sleeping between clean sheets every night during the campaign. My horses never wanted for forage, and my dinners were sometimes quite artistic in their excellence. There was a constant excitement in the uncertainty attending this hunt for night quarters, and my most varied and amusing experiences arose from this source. My German companion did not quite approve of this method of procedure, as he was constantly haunted by the fear of being taken prisoner, and as a German he would probably have fared worse than I should. On the other hand, his nationality often proved of the greatest service to me, on occasions when our night quarters were beaten up by Uhlans, and we were regarded as suspicious characters, in consequence of our being so isolated from the rest of the army. He was also great friends with the postal officials connected with the force, and used to take my letters to the rear with his own, when it was inconvenient to me to leave the front. On the other hand, as the enterprising journal he represented had not provided him with means sufficient to keep a horse, he was only too glad to be driven along the line of march in my carriage. So we were mutually useful to each other; and he was obliged to agree to the somewhat hazardous method of campaigning which I had adopted. Our first alarm took place two days after leaving Toury. There was a heavy fog, and we had been driving ever since the start on a road of our own choosing, quite unhampered by troops, and were congratulating ourselves on the rapidity of our progress, when suddenly we were startled by a horrible *fanfare* of French trumpets, issuing from a village scarcely a hundred yards distant on the left. At the same moment the fog lifted,

and right in front of us were a body of French cavalry, some forty or fifty in number, watering their horses at a pond by the roadside. Fortunately there was a haystack on the edge of a field to our right, and our coachman, who was more alarmed at the sight of his countrymen than we were, for he felt they would have no mercy upon him for hiring himself to his enemies, with great presence of mind rushed the carriage across the ditch and behind the stack before we were observed. Here we remained for some moments in a state of the utmost trepidation; the detestable trumpets seemed to be growing louder as they approached nearer, and we dreaded lest the fog should clear off altogether, — for the prospect of a game of hide-and-seek with a carriage and a pair of horses round a haystack was by no means reassuring. Fortunately a fresh cloud of mist came driving over us, and after getting out of the carriage and peeping round the corner of the stack to see if the enemy were anywhere visible, I gave the word for a speedy retreat, and a moment afterwards we were galloping back over the road we had come. We had retraced our steps for nearly an hour before we came to the cross road which we should have taken, and not long afterwards we found ourselves among the baggage-wagons of the German troops, and considerably startled the officer in command by our intelligence of the proximity of the enemy.

As, however, we heard nothing more of them, the probability is that, instead of trying to find us, they were in reality doing their utmost to get out of our way. Before nightfall we had made another divergence, and headed the troops, arriving at a small hamlet, consisting of about a dozen houses, which had been already visited by some Uhlans, but which we found quite deserted except by two decrepit old women. This was the only occasion upon which I found that the terror of our approach had frightened away the whole population. Near the hamlet, which was unusually squalid, was a brick-field, with a smart, newly-built house, evidently belonging to the proprietor of the brick-fields. Here we determined to quarter ourselves. Its owner had decamped after locking the door. We had no difficulty in breaking in at one of the windows, and found abundant evidence that he had only just taken his departure. The milk, butter, and eggs in his well-stocked larder were quite fresh. There was an excellent cheese, some sau-

sages, and some delicious *compôte*, with plenty of bread. After rummaging some time we found his wine and coffee. He was evidently a well-to-do man, and the sheets, towels, table-linen, etc., which we found in a press, which we were, unfortunately, obliged to break open, were of an excellent quality. In fact, nothing was wanting to make our stay agreeable. We made up two beds with clean sheets and good thick blankets; we boiled some potatoes; made an omelette, and a sago pudding; and this, with the addition of cheese and sausages, was very good camp fare. In the morning we had bread and butter and preserve with our *café au lait*. It is difficult to say wherein lies the peculiar charm of making free with what does not belong to one; but there can be little doubt that had the proprietor remained at home and treated us as hospitably as we treated ourselves, our visit would have been robbed of all its piquancy. We left a line on his table thanking him for the excellent fare which we had enjoyed at his expense, and expressing our regret that we had no other means of testifying our gratitude. I was sorry upon more than one occasion during this campaign to find a growing laxity in my ideas in the matter of *meum* and *tuum*, — forced upon me no doubt by the stress of circumstances and the conventional war standard of morality. Thus one morning the coachman came with a long face to inform me that the horses and harness had been stolen. The army was already under way, and unless I could provide myself with fresh nags, there was nothing for it but to be left behind. As we were making a flying march, and the country was not going to be permanently occupied just then by German troops, being left behind meant falling into the hands of the French. In this dilemma, I applied to an officer with whom I had made friends, for advice. His suggestion had the merit of simplicity: "Supply the horses and harness which have been stolen from you by stealing somebody else's horse and harness — only take them from the French, not from us, or you will get into trouble." As my horses had certainly been taken by the Germans, this did not seem quite logical; but I was not in a position to discuss the matter, so I strolled about the little town with felonious intent. We were in La Perche, the province of horses, and presently I observed a large grey standing attached to the wheel of a wagon with no one near him. "There is just the horse for us," said the coachman, who

quite entered into the spirit of the thing. "Untie him then as quickly as you can, and slip round the corner of the street with him." This was accomplished unobserved, but we failed to find another.

Meantime the town was clearing rapidly of troops, so we decided to look for harness. While we were about it, we thought it as well to take a double set; and it was some time before we found an empty stable containing one. Now it may be suggested that we might have managed, had we been strictly honest, to pay both for horse and harness; but, practically, it was not so. I strongly suspect the horse had just been requisitioned by the Germans, which gave additional zest to the capture, as the French owner, whom I did not know, was none the greater sufferer, and I wanted my revenge. I should have been delighted to pay for the harness, if I could have found any Frenchman with a set of double harness to dispose of; but most of the male population were absent, and I had no time to lose. I think it very possible the harness I did take had also been requisitioned. As we left the town with a single horse on one side of the pole, we looked somewhat as if we were taking a carriage to be repaired at the carriage-maker's, and altogether presented such a humiliating appearance, that I determined to find a match for my grey without delay. We had not driven a couple of miles, before a fine young Percheron trotted up to the gate of a field opening upon the road, and, with pricked-up ears, looked inquiringly at my turn-out. I determined instantly to gratify his curiosity, and jumped out to scratch his nose, and offer him a piece of bread while I slipped a halter over his head. He was evidently quite new to harness, and the set I had did not fit him very well; but his temper was angelic, and altogether I decidedly gained by the loss of my original pair. I confess I have been haunted ever since by the picture which my imagination presented of the grief of his owner.

Scarcely a day passed without my witnessing scenes, inseparable, doubtless, from a state of war, but rendered more painful by the emotional nature of the French peasant. I have even seen a well-to-do farmer burst into an agony of tears, because out of six farm-horses one was requisitioned from him. I have seen peasants blubbering, for the better part of a day, simply because they were required to accompany the army with their horse and cart for two days, without pay,

after which they were allowed to go back to their homes. I think Frenchmen cry more fluently, if I may be allowed the expression, than Frenchwomen do. Indeed, the attitude of the latter, in the presence of an invading army, was always far more dignified than that of the men. The latter either decamped before our arrival, or would go out of their way to overwhelm one with civility and offers of service, their desire to propitiate their conquerors amounting sometimes to the most abject servility; while the women always showed their dislike most unreservedly. I soon found that in my position as "benevolent neutral," I was often less favored than my German colleague. This, however, was not always the case; and upon one occasion, when I was alone, I decidedly fared better than if he had been with me. It was in a large town; he had quarters for himself, and I had established by this time such good relations with headquarters, that I could get a billet, on applying for it, when I chose. On receiving my billet on this occasion, I went to the number and street indicated, and knocked long and loudly at the door of a small house, which seemed deserted. At last, just as I was making up my mind to break in, the door was opened a couple of inches, and a little old man, in a high and plaintive key, told me it was absolutely impossible for him to give me the required accommodation. I explained to him I should be the best judge of that on examining the premises, and reluctantly forced myself into the passage. He led me into a dirty, stuffy little room, in which there was nothing but an old horse-hair couch. "This," he said, "is my bed for the present: the one I usually occupy contains my only domestic, who is now in a dying state. The other two small rooms in the house have never been furnished, as I am very poor. Would monsieur like to look at my only domestic, and satisfy himself as to her desperate condition?" And he led me into a small, darkened apartment, where an extremely pallid, wrinkled old woman was apparently breathing her last in short gasps. In fact, it seemed probable that if I passed the night on the floor of his sitting-room, I should come in for a death scene. "As for dinner," he said, "I have absolutely nothing to offer monsieur. Since Marie has been dying, I have taken my meals with a friend, and there is no food in the house."

The position was discouraging. It was seven in the evening. I had eaten noth-

ing since midday, and to turn out and look for food and lodging in a town crowded with troops was a hopeless undertaking. Meantime the carriage and horses were standing at the door; the latter had to be provided with stabling and forage, and nothing could be done for them until I knew where I was to be quartered. I still felt very sceptical about the barrenness of the old gentleman's larder, and the absence of any other bed than that occupied by the sick woman, so I decided upon a last appeal. "My friend," I remarked, "I pity the fate that is in store for you. There is a whole regiment of Prussians still unprovided with billets; if I go and report that I have failed to get officers' quarters here, a dozen privates will be billeted upon you. Now I am not a Prussian, but an Englishman. I will not only give you as little trouble as possible, but I will protect you from the inroads of Uhlans and others who are beating up quarters for themselves." But I had scarcely got so far, when the little man interrupted. "Say no more," he said; "it is enough that you are an Englishman; why did you not tell me that at first? I am a retired surgeon in the navy, and in many parts of the world have found good comrades among Englishmen, to whom I am devoted. Hey, Marie, *lève toi*, — jump out of bed, cook a good dinner, and get the bedroom up-stairs ready for this English monsieur. In a moment the moribund old female was on her legs in full costume. She had hopped into bed just as she was, and feigned the death agony to perfection. There was no symptom of shortness of breath about her as she ran briskly up-stairs and showed me a nicely furnished little bedroom, with a most inviting-looking bed. And in less than an hour I was eating a first-rate *bouillon*, followed by a *filet*, and washed down with a bottle of excellent Burgundy, my host meanwhile recalling the reminiscences of his naval career, and the names of English admirals and men-of-war. Then we diverged into politics, and sat smoking and talking till midnight. I was glad to have an opportunity of making good my words, for a party of soldiers came to look for quarters, and I was able to save my host from invasion by showing my billet, and telling them that I was attached to headquarters.

Upon another occasion I was billeted with my German colleague upon a retired opera-singer, called in my billet "lyric artist," who lived in a charming little sub-

urban residence, and who received us with an air of profound disgust. He took no pains to conceal his aversion, so far as my companion was concerned, up to the end; but when he found I was an Englishman, his manner towards me entirely changed, and we became such great friends that he insisted upon my staying with him for two days after the army had left, — not, however, extending his invitation to my colleague, who got a lift in an ambulance until I overtook him.

My host was a musical enthusiast, but had infused into his love for his art a spiritual theory which was original and interesting. In his view the *timbre* of the voice, and the excellence of the execution, depended largely upon the moral condition of the performer; and the singer approached perfection in the degree in which he or she lost all self-consciousness or personal ambition, and sung only with the one object of bringing out the strong points of the voices of others. In other words, the quality of the voice was conditional on the utter unselfishness of the individual, on his purity of life and motive, and on the exalted nature of his aspirations. My host said he had a living illustration of the excellence which might be thus attained, in the person of his own daughter, whom he had trained morally upon his system, and who, he averred, possessed an incomparable voice, which, however, she could not use professionally, because as the jealousy of all the other singers would be excited, her voice would be unable to retain its purity, and be overwhelmed by the passions which it roused. In fact, she could only sing alone, or with some one whose nature was as lofty as her own; and he had only succeeded in instilling into one of his pupils sentiments sufficiently high to enable them to sing together. Unfortunately, on hearing the news of the approach of the German army, he had sent this interesting young lady to a place of safety, and could only show me her photograph; and I am bound to say I have seldom looked upon a face of more ideal loveliness, or had my imagination more powerfully excited in favor of a young lady, without seeing her, than upon this occasion. Since the conclusion of the war, I have several times regretted my inability to carry out my intention of paying another visit to my old operatic friend.

Variations of this sort in the course of a campaign are a relief from the more degrading interests which turn solely upon the slaughter of one's fellow-crea-

tures; and I was more refreshed one night that I passed in a monastery of Franciscans, discussing theology until the small hours of the morning, than if I had spent the same time in the excellent bed which the good fathers had prepared for me. In fact, campaigning is pleasant enough with interesting and comfortable night quarters, and no battles; but there is another side to the medal, which it is time to present to my readers. In due course our delightful military promenade ended, and, to the great disgust of the soldiers, they found themselves back at the spot from which they had started three weeks before, having accomplished nothing beyond wearing out the soles of their boots: but there was hot work in store for them. I passed a restless night in the little town of Janville, in anticipation of the fight which was to take place on the following day, and at an early hour next morning we were *en route* for the front. The artillery had already begun to roar, and a drive of an hour brought us to the ambulances, and the first wounded men straggling back to them. Then we came across a French battery of artillery, which had already been captured; and then, as the shells from the enemy's batteries began to crack overhead, it became time to look for a place of comparative safety, from which to see the progress of the battle. On a slight eminence, well out of the line of fire, stood a farm, flanked by two high towers, and occupied by two thousand men, under the command of General von der Tann's brother. It struck me that a good view of the battle-field, which was a slightly undulating plain, could be obtained from the summit of one of these towers; and after introducing myself to the general, and obtaining his permission to make the position he occupied my point of observation, I ascended one of them, where, in a small room at the very top, I found a number of soldiers, who had knocked loopholes in the walls, through which, and from a small window, I had an excellent view of the long line of German artillery, partially enveloped in its own smoke. Through the rifts in it, as it curled away to leeward, I could make out the whole position of the French, and see their regiments massed in order of battle in the extreme distance. We had the night before joined hands with the division of the Red Prince; and there could not have been less than eighty thousand men engaged on either side. Though the forces equalled those at Waterloo, the public had been so satiated with battles

on a large scale during the earlier periods of the war, that the battle of Patay, which I was now witnessing, created comparatively little sensation. In the letter which I sent to my "organ" at the time, I endeavored accurately to describe the movements of the troops, and the varied fortunes of the battle, as I looked down upon it mapped out on the plain at my feet. But I found myself abruptly compelled to bring my notes to a close by a turn of events for which I was utterly unable to account, and which converted my post of observation from one of comparative safety to one of the most extreme peril. How a whole French division managed, without our observing them, almost to surround the farm, was evidently a matter of as much astonishment to the twenty or thirty soldiers who had been looking through the loopholes as it was to me, — but in a moment all was noise and smoke. The bullets rained like hail upon the stone walls of our tower, and I was pushed away from the loopholes and window to make way for the barrels of the rifles which were pointed through them upon the closely packed ranks of the French below. Finding it impossible to see anything more, and half suffocated by the smoke, I ran hurriedly down to see how matters were progressing below. I found several men lying dead or wounded in the farm-yard, which was surrounded by a low wall, behind which men were crouching and firing. I crept past them on my hands and knees to the sheds and stables, in which I observed the general and his aide-de-camp. Here there was a room already filled with wounded men. The balls were whizzing across the courtyard in every direction, and the fire was getting hotter every moment as the enemy pressed closer to the attack. They were evidently in such force, that I ventured to ask the general whether he did not think he would be compelled to surrender. To my dismay he replied that this was out of the question: the farm had become the key of the position, upon which the whole battle might depend; and if it came to a hand-to-hand conflict, he was determined to fight it out to the last man.

It was only too clear that I had got into a sort of *La Haye Sainte*, — the very last place for a benevolent neutral to be found in by an exasperated enemy. I felt that my duty to the paper I represented, as well as to my country, required me to sacrifice any longing I might have to seize the rifle of a dead soldier, and fight with my back to the wall until I fell cov-

ered with wounds, and seriously to consider the question of my personal safety. It occurred to me that when it came to the last struggle, the safest place would be the tower I had evacuated, as, if the enemy took the farm down below, the men in the tower, even if they still remained in it, would be sure to surrender; and to surrender gracefully and with dignity, was an act of warfare for which I felt myself fully qualified. In fact, I quite regretted that I had not a sword, instead of a pen, to hand, with a conciliatory and complimentary speech, to a French officer.

When I got back to the room in the tower, it was more sulphureous than ever. One man had been hit by a ball through the window, and seemed *in extremis*; the men were grimmy with smoke; the balls were pattering more hotly than ever, and I had no desire to try and look out; so I squatted a few steps down the stairs from the doorway for air, and took more notes to distract my mind. Presently I heard a shout from the room above, and a renewed roar of musketry fire: then the pattering of balls ceased suddenly. I rushed to the window: the soldiers were laughing, and made way for me, and I saw one of those sights which remain fixed upon the memory for life. The Hessian brigade had suddenly taken the French in flank, and poured in a withering fire: the latter had wavered and broken—the Germans rushed on; their bullets rained on the retreating masses. The whole field was strewn with dead and dying,—the nearest French dead being within two hundred yards from the farm buildings, which proves that they must have been almost in the act of attempting to storm it when relief thus opportunely arrived. It is probable that even had the French taken the farm, it would have been speedily retaken; but the slaughter on both occasions would have been fearful, and I shudder to think what would have become of me. As it was, I went instantly on to the corpse-strewn field, and did what I could for the wounded until the arrival of the ambulances an hour afterwards. My brandy-flask was soon emptied; there was no water near; and all I could do was to change the positions of the wounded men, prop them up against trees where there were any near, try and make tourniquets of their own handkerchiefs when they had any, and so forth. The tide of battle rolled away in another direction, and I had to follow it; but all the rest that I saw on that day, is it not written in the

columns of my "organ," in a military style which would do credit to the chief of the staff?

There was fighting again all next day, but the only personal incident which occurred to me was late in the evening. I have already stated that I was ready to encounter considerable personal risk in order to secure a good bed. If there is a thing I hate, it is sleeping all night in an open carriage in the rain. And this seemed likely to be the alternative, if the result of the day's fighting did not take us into Orleans. From a little after day-break we had been pushing the enemy slowly but steadily before us, and towards five in the afternoon the firing had slackened considerably. Upon one occasion already, in my hurry to push on, a shell had burst so close to the carriage, while I was feeling my way to the front on foot, that the coachman had turned tail and fled, giving me a hunt of an hour before I could find him, and he now reluctantly forced his way past the advancing troops. Everybody I asked told me the same story—that the advanced guard had entered Orleans. By the time I had reached the suburbs of the town it was eight o'clock; the weather had cleared, and there was a bright full moon shining. The last German officer I had spoken to had assured me I might go on safely, although I seemed to have headed the army, and the road was clear. A little farther on I passed some cavalry; then all was silent, and I entered the town, which was perfectly still. The moon threw a dark shade over the right-hand side of the first street, and I observed a German regiment drawn up in the shadow. As I got to the point where the street turned, an officer cried "halt," and I was just wondering whether the command was addressed to me, when a shower of bullets decided the coachman to prompt action. The French were in the street into which we were about to turn, and which was in the full blaze of moonlight, so they fired at the carriage the moment it appeared round the corner. How neither we nor the horses were hit was a marvel. One bullet struck the iron step, another crashed into one of the spokes of the hind wheel, but we were round the corner and out of shot before they could fire a second time; and after driving back a couple of hundred yards, I saw a closed restaurant in which I determined to quarter myself for the night. It was some time before I could make the proprietor admit his existence, for every house

seemed hermetically sealed. In quartering myself here, I took the risk of the Germans not being forced back the two hundred yards, which I now knew was the most advanced point they held; and as it afterwards turned out, my confidence was not misplaced. They steadily pressed on all through the night, the French so silently evacuating the town before them, that most of the inhabitants did not know that it had changed hands; and an English officer attached to the French headquarters was much surprised when he woke in the morning to find himself a prisoner, with two German sentries at his door.

The Germans made eleven thousand prisoners on this occasion, and shut them up in the cathedral, where Zouaves might be heard playing polka airs on the organ; and a bed was made up on the altar, and camp-fires were lighted with the *prie-dieu* chairs, filling the whole of the vast edifice with smoke; and the noisy cooking and singing and rioting seemed to be as little in harmony with what one supposes prisoners to feel, as with the locality in which they gave vent to their spirits. The fact is, they were overjoyed at the prospect of being sent to Germany till the war was over, and having no more fighting to do. Their comrades, who were less lucky, had some rough days in store for them under the command of General Chanzy. We followed the *corps d'armée* led by this general, and had three days' hard fighting with it near Meung. The first day we were outnumbered by two to one, and were under the impression that we were beaten, until we saw next day that the enemy had shifted his position to one in rear of that he had occupied the day before. It was during the combat of the second day that a personal incident, which might have terminated disagreeably, occurred. The battle-field on which three successive days' fighting took place was an almost level plain, over which were dotted villages, each one with its church and spire, and which, strongly occupied and loopholed, made formidable isolated positions, out of which the enemy had either to be shelled or forced at the point of the bayonet. I had passed the greater part of these three days seated amidst the bells in the tops of the steeples. The position was safe and commanding, and enabled me to avoid unnecessary fatigue. As soon as a new village was captured with a good spire, I moved to it, and remained until it was left too far in rear to be useful. On this particular occasion I

saw a steeple which, in addition to belonging to a church situated on a slight eminence, was in itself loftier than any other. My longing eyes had been often fixed upon its belfry, but, unfortunately, it had been from the first strongly held by the French; and little puffs of smoke were perpetually being vomited from the loopholed walls. For some time a very annoying battery of artillery had assailed us from its neighborhood. Meantime a change of locality had become necessary, and I descended from the steeple I was in to find another. I was making for a village nearer the front when I came across a Bavarian regiment, the colonel of which I knew. To him I expounded my *penchant* for steeples, and my regret that I did not see any chance of the one I particularly affected being at my disposal. While we were talking, an aide-de-camp arrived with an order that the colonel, and another regiment brigaded with his, should advance and storm the village in question. "Now," he said, with a disagreeable suspicion of irony in his voice, — "now is your chance. You have only to keep at my side, and you will be in your steeple in ten minutes." The invitation was in the highest degree disagreeable. How I regretted I had said anything about wanting villages taken for my benefit! I was on the point of declining, when the sneering laugh of one or two officers, who had joined in our conversation, changed my decision. I had just time to shrug my shoulders with the *nonchalant* air of a man who passed his life in carrying villages at the point of the bayonet, when they were summoned to their duties. The regiment was put in motion, and I found myself leading it at the tail of the colonel's horse. It was simply sickening, and I don't know exactly what it did — I mean the regiment — when we got so near that the bullets began to ping all round us. It probably formed in columns of companies, or deployed on its pivot flank, or did something incomprehensible; but it had the excellent effect of enabling me to get well mixed up with it, so that when we all went on at a run, I got carried along and into the village, only drawing my breath at the door of the church, into which I bolted like a rabbit into a warren, and sat down for a moment on a chair to breathe, and listen to the straggling firing which still went on in the street. Then I went up to the belfry. All the churches were on pretty much the same model, and I had no difficulty in finding my way. I had

just passed the organ-loft, and got a few steps on the stairs, when a shot was fired apparently within a few yards of me. I first jumped, and then reflected. I had not heard the sound of a ball, nor could I see from what point I could have been fired at. Still the noise was unpleasantly close. Certainly the sooner I attained an elevation the better. The bells were approached by a ladder at last, and there was a mere framework to stand upon, but there were splendid loopholes to look through, and the *coup d'œil* over the battle-field amply repaid me for all I had gone through to get there. I had just adjusted my field-glass, and was beginning to take a deliberate survey, when I heard a shout, followed by a volley of German oaths, and looked down to see a huge Bavarian take a deliberate "pot" at me with his rifle, the bullet flattening itself against the corner of the loophole, not three inches from my nose, which I had drawn in with the rapidity of lightning. Why I should thus suddenly have become a target for one of my German friends was a mystery to me. I did not like to descend, for I was afraid of some more stray shooting near the organ-loft. I did not like to look out of the loophole again, for I felt that the big Bavarian was on the watch for another shot; so I sat down where I was, and waited the march of events. In a few moments I heard a great clattering on the steps leading up to the belfry, and soon a dozen or more soldiers, led by the big Bavarian, appeared at the bottom of the ladder, and simultaneously pointed their rifles at me, with loud commands to descend, and surrender myself as a prisoner, on pain of being shot. I replied by imploring them not to fire, and all the time I was looking literally down the barrels of their rifles, and hoping that one might not accidentally go off. I shouted energetically that I was unarmed; that I had that moment entered the village with them; and that I was a friend, if they would only believe me and not fire. Still I had to descend with all their rifles steadily aimed at me, as though they feared I should take wing and fly away through a loophole. It is not probable that any of my readers know from experience what it is to descend a rickety ladder backwards with twelve rifles pointed at one's most vulnerable extremity: I earnestly trust they may long be spared the sensation.

I was instantly seized roughly by the collar when I reached the bottom, and was again in the middle of explanations,

when, most fortunately, there appeared one of the officers who had been present when the colonel asked me to take part in the assault on the village. He at once ordered my release; and on my stating that I had been first fired at and then captured by his own men, he demanded an explanation from the big Bavarian. This worthy asserted that he had been fired at out of the church—that the bullet had just grazed past him—and that, upon looking towards the steeple, he had seen me exactly in the position from which the report seemed to come. This was at once accounted for by the shot which I heard after passing the organ-loft, and I suggested to the officer that if we searched there we might find the man who had so narrowly missed the big Bavarian, as I had heard the shot proceed from it. We accordingly repaired thither, and there, crouched up in a corner, was a wretched Mobile. There was a general shout to him of "surrender;" but either through panic, or not understanding that he might save his life by throwing down his gun, he clutched it the more tightly, and even seemed about to bring it up to his shoulder, on which the big Bavarian rushed at him, wrenched it out of his hands, and, with one blow of the butt, literally scattered his brains over the floor. The whole episode was most painful; and when, a moment afterwards, my would-be assassin slapped me familiarly on the shoulder, and laughed heartily at the idea of his nearly having blown out my brains by mistake, I failed altogether to see the point of the joke. This day's fighting was so exciting at certain periods that I remained on the field until sundown, though I had a long way to drive back to reach my quarters at Meung. Crossing on foot from one part of the field to the other towards evening, I saw a village which I imagined was in German possession. I determined to go back that way, as it would be a short cut from the position in which I was, to where I had left the carriage. As I approached within a few hundred yards of it, it burst out into flame, and I paused and sat down, and contemplatively smoked a cigarette. Why should it burst into flame? There was no reason why the Germans should burn what might be a good night's shelter. What if it were burnt by the French? In that case the Germans had not occupied it, as I supposed, but the French might have done so before abandoning it. *Al-lons voir.* I crept slowly and cautiously on in the growing dusk, stopping every

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now and then to listen for the sound of voices, but all was still except the crackling of the flames. At last I entered the village. It was entirely deserted. It had been evacuated by the French, but not yet occupied by the Germans. That was the second village I had taken in one day. The reflection soothed my vanity. I will wait here, I thought, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, till some Germans arrive, just to show them the military instinct and spirit of enterprise of the British journalist. I admit it was pure swagger, but I hoped I might have my revenge on the Bavarian regiment, if the fortune of war should lead it in this direction.

I waited half an hour watching the flames spreading, looking into all the houses to see if they were empty, moralizing over the strangeness of my position, alone in this burning village, with guns still flashing all round me in the growing darkness, as if loath to cease the carnage of the day. At last I heard the tramp of feet and sound of words of command, and a regiment of Hessians marched in. I now felt half inclined to sneak out without showing myself. The task of explaining who I was might prove difficult. Fortunately I was getting pretty well known in the army. My rattletrap old carriage with the pair of greys and the French coachman had got a reputation for pushing itself where it had no business to be; and when fighting was going on, and I was poking about on foot in my plain clothes, I was recognized as being the companion of the German correspondent, who had been so long with the army that he was well known, though owing to some indiscreet criticisms he had now been obliged to leave it. So I thought I would risk it, and I walked up in a free and easy way to the colonel, and took off my hat to him as an old acquaintance, to that worthy's intense astonishment. "You ought to have been here half an hour ago when I came," I remarked; "you could have given the enemy a tremendous slating." He took my chaff very good-naturedly, and said he could not be everywhere at once, like a newspaper correspondent; and he set his men to put out the fire and house themselves for the night, offering to give me quarters with them: but I had my letter to write and post, and this involved a five-mile drive by moonlight to the rear across the most ghastly field which can well be imagined. I had some trouble in finding my carriage. I had left it at a well-de-

fined position on the battle-field of the day before, but to reach it I had to walk for more than a mile over a plain where the carcasses of men and horses were not merely thickly strewn but frozen into all sorts of fantastic attitudes. The thermometer had been 16° below the freezing-point on the previous night, and men only slightly wounded, who had not been able to crawl to their comrades, had been frozen to death. One man was stiff in a sitting position, with both his arms lifted straight above his head, as though his last moments had been spent in an invocation, and it gave one a shudder in the clear moonlight to approach him. Others were crumpled up in a death agony, and so frozen. In places, many together, French and Germans were mingled, not because they had been at close quarters, but because the same ground had first been occupied by one and then by the other, perhaps at an interval of half a day. I think I was more comfortable with bullets pinging in my ears, than walking amid the distorted shadows of these dead and stiffened men; and it was quite a relief to see a haystack on fire, and a regiment warming themselves at it, and my prudent coachman within comfortable distance of the ruddy blaze. Then comes the hard part of the correspondent's life. I had still to dine. I had lived since the morning's coffee on a loaf of bread, which I had been picking at all day; then to write my letter—a good two hours' task; then to see that it was safely posted, either that night or the next morning early, so as to give me time to get to the field for the third day's battle. And all this after having been on a strain of exertion and excitement since daylight; and then the gentleman at ease in London reads it all in his armchair after breakfast for a penny, or, at the most, twopence-halfpenny.

On the following night I had to change my quarters. The country was infested by the enemy, who were falling slowly back after their pertinacious resistance. We had been strongly reinforced, and I was compelled to abandon my plan of taking a line of my own, and obliged to keep with the army. The consequence was, that when the momentous question presented itself of finding a night's lodging, every hole and corner of the little village at which the headquarters were established was occupied. The grand duke was lodged in a most picturesque old château; and every farm and cottage for miles round contained soldiers. My

first duty, after finding a corner for myself, was to establish the carriage and horses safely, and provide forage for the latter—a difficult matter when it was not served out as part of the army rations. However, it was generally possible to buy this, if not from the French, from the Germans; but the hour was usually late before I was free of this care, and able to make myself comfortable. Upon the night in question, I was in despair. For more than an hour did I wander in the darkness: the night was bitterly cold; it was snowing heavily; and my dinner, for which I was famishing, was yet in the remote distance. After vainly passing door after door, only to find the chalk inscription denoting the officers or men who were lodged within, I stumbled, in a retired lane, upon a hovel rather than a cottage, consisting apparently of only one room, with a window upon each side of a low door, upon which nothing was written. I determined, as it was locked, to break in here; but on the bare chance of there being inmates, although there was no glimmer of light, I first knocked loudly. I was just proceeding to more vigorous measures, when I heard a whispering, so I called out to those within to save me the trouble of bursting in the door by opening it. After a little delay I heard the key turn, and a woman's voice timidly inquired what I wanted. I said I would explain as soon as I was let in, and, pushing the door open, I found myself in a room lighted only by the dying embers of a fire. Striking a lucifer match, I became aware of the presence of two young women, aged eighteen or twenty, shivering with terror, one of them weeping bitterly. These I attempted to reassure by the most dulcet tones and pacific gestures. I explained my forlorn condition, expressed my willingness to sleep under a hedge rather than cause them one moment's uneasiness, painted in strong language the dangers which surrounded them in the absence of any protector, declared my willingness—nay, my anxiety—to constitute myself their protector, expatiated on my harmless and generally innocent disposition where the fair sex was concerned, and the lengths to which my chivalry was capable of carrying me when they were in peril, and, finally, succeeded in extorting an invitation to become their guest. I declined to force myself upon them, and would only stay if asked. They said they had no male protectors: one of them was married, but her husband had left on the approach of the Ger-

mans, and the other was her sister; and they threw themselves upon my mercy. My mercy received them with the tenderness of a feather-bed. I asked them if they had any provisions in the house, but the supply was so small that, after chalking my designation on the door, to prevent the room being occupied in my absence, I started off to bring my traps from the carriage, and any provender I could lay my hands on. I came in for a slice of beef, while the distribution was being made to some soldiers, and was soon comfortably established by the side of a roaring fire broiling a steak, and most eagerly waited upon by my two charming hostesses. I soon after won their complete confidence by turning off a rather noisy band of soldiers who came looking for quarters, and listened sympathetically to the long tale of sorrows which they poured into my ear. They were very poor, and there was literally only one room in the house. This contained two beds, one of which was usually occupied by the young married couple, while her sister slept in the other. They were hung with heavy blue curtains, which completely enveloped them. The sheets were coarse, but clean; and I had a good supply of my own rugs. When the cravings of my appetite had been appeased, I suggested in the most delicate manner that I should go to bed first, pull the curtains together, and put my head under the bed-clothes, while they went to rest in the bed appropriated to the married couple. This arrangement suited them perfectly; and I shortly afterwards received a fresh mark of their confidence by hearing one of them snore. The weather was so boisterous on the following day, that it was impossible to continue the march, so I brought enough provisions to my hut for all three, and paid for my accommodation so liberally when I left the day after,—as I felt it was an act of charity which would be highly applauded by the proprietors of the journal I served, and out of whose pockets it came,—that I have every reason to hope that the two poor girls look back to the days when their village was occupied by the Germans as among the pleasantest and most profitable of their lives.

A couple of days after this we again found ourselves in the presence of the enemy. I had established myself in a low wine-shop, which only contained one good bed: the husband, as usual, had decamped for fear of the Germans, and his

wife was the solitary occupant. She found a nest for herself somewhere in a loft. I started off early to go to the front, telling her to expect me back late, and have dinner ready for me. This all but turned out quite an unnecessary order, and I was very nearly prevented by a serious accident from ever dining again in this world. The adventure happened in this wise. I had as usual driven as near the front as was prudent, and had then got out to pursue my investigations on foot. I ultimately arrived at a farmhouse in a wood where a general of brigade and his staff had established themselves, whom I happened to know. While chatting with them on the chances of a skirmish before nightfall, and on the proximity of the enemy, a young officer came in saying that from a point he had just left he could look right down into a part of the French position. This point he described to me as occupied by half-a-dozen men, who had crept as far to the front as possible, and were now hiding behind an old ruined wall, and watching the enemy unobserved. As he was going back there, I offered to accompany him, and we crept through the brushwood, and then made a quick run across a piece of open, to a most picturesque fragment of ruin, which dominated the valley some three or four hundred feet below, in which is situated the village of Fréteval, then occupied, as well as the heights behind, by the French army. Peeping through the chinks of the ruin, I could see a French regiment marching along a road beneath us, within very comfortable rifle shot, apparently unaware of our proximity. I remained here jotting down notes for nearly an hour, and then, hearing some firing at a distance, determined to return to the carriage in order to go and see what it was. This I could either do by keeping in the woods all the time, which involved a long round, or by crossing an open, ploughed field, which was a saving of half the distance. As everything seemed quiet where I was, I determined on this latter course, and was laboring through the soft land ankle-deep in mud, when bang came a round shot, apparently aimed at me, and buried itself about twenty yards in the rear. To say that I took to my heels is a figure of speech; I had no heels. I had two mountains of mud clinging to my feet, which rendered running almost impossible. However, I did my best; and in the agony of my effort I sprawled headlong on my face at the very moment when another

shot, better aimed, covered me with dirt. For at least ten minutes more was my solitary figure a target for that miserable French battery. I ceased to wonder that the French lost battles when they could waste valuable ammunition in this ridiculous way. I heard shouts of laughter proceed from a German regiment hidden in the wood for which I was making, as they saw my frantic efforts to increase my speed as each whistling, shrieking ball warned me not to dally. Once they actually expended a shell upon me, but it cracked in the air a hundred feet above me. At last, panting with fatigue, I scrambled into the wood, and I must say that I was most sympathetically and kindly received by the Germans as a return for the amusement I had afforded them. There was skirmishing after this till nightfall, but I kept at a discreet distance for the future; and hungry and tired as usual, I reached my humble lodging a little after dark — my imagination pleasantly toying with the prospect of the dinner which was in store for me. Alas! how vain one's anticipations often prove of pleasures to come! I found all dark, groped my way up-stairs to my bedroom, and was startled as I reached the threshold — I could see nothing — by the feeble pipe of an infant's wail, followed by the moan of a grown-up person, proceeding apparently from the direction of my bed. I struck a match, and there in my bed was my hostess, and by her side an infant that moment born! Not another soul was in the room. She explained in a feeble voice that, having no bed of her own, but only a miserable *grabat* in a loft, "she had taken the liberty to be confined in the bed of monsieur, and would I be so kind as to" — and here she proceeded to enlist my services. But I am travelling out of the legitimate functions of journalism. I only mention the incident to show what may at times be required of a war correspondent, and how careful editors should be to select men of varied acquirements and vast experience in all the walks of life.

The terror which the news of the approach of the Germans inspired, and which, in the case of the two girls with whom I lodged, and in the instance of the poor mother I have just narrated, induced the husbands to desert their wives, was by no means justified by the conduct of the invading army. Excepting in the case of requisition for transport purposes, the people were nearly always paid for what was taken from them; and when we

entered small towns, the *charcuterie* shops might invariably be seen filled with a crowd of soldiers paying across the counter for all they took. Many a tradesman lost the chance of making money by secreting his stores, locking up his shop, and decamping. One night I was a witness of a little episode in which something more dangerous than comestibles was being hidden away. I had arrived among the first in a small town, secured my quarters, and was looking out of the window of my room over a back garden belonging to an adjoining house. Presently I saw an old man emerge stealthily with a spade. With this he dug what appeared to be a grave behind some bushes. He then returned, and shortly after reappeared, accompanied by a younger man. Each was carrying at least half-a-dozen rifles. These they rapidly buried, taking great care afterwards to replace the earth in such a manner as to show as little disturbance of the soil as possible; and both profoundly unconscious that all their proceedings had been observed by one who, if he had given information, could have got them into trouble.

One of the most severe trials of the war correspondent is when his best letters fail to reach the journal to which they are addressed. This was the case on the occasion of my entry into Châteaudun. It was rapidly growing dark, and there was a nasty cold drizzle when I reached the advanced post of the army, and found, seated in a field near a camp fire, the same general who had commanded in the farmhouse at the battle of Patay, and whom I had not seen since that occasion. I asked him where he intended to pass the night: he pointed to a small cottage by the roadside as his own quarters, and to the surrounding wet field as the bivouac-ground of his soldiers. At this point we were about four miles distant from Châteaudun. I asked him whether that town was still in the possession of the French. He replied that a squadron of cavalry had gone forward to reconnoitre, and that if I liked to take the chance of finding out for myself, there was a bare possibility of its having been already evacuated; but that there was no certainty on the subject, and I must take the risk. This I determined to do. The prospect of sleeping in a good hotel was so much more tempting than passing the night in a wet field, that any momentary hesitation was speedily overcome. As I drove rapidly along, I asked the few people I saw if they had observed any German cavalry pass, and was by no means

reassured by an invariable reply in the negative. In less than half an hour I found myself on the outskirts of the town; and with my Orleans experience fresh in my recollection, I determined to exercise the utmost caution. I therefore left the carriage and walked along like a private citizen, my plain clothes exciting no suspicion. The fact that the coachman was a Frenchman was an advantage on this occasion, as I could trust him, if he was cross-examined, to concoct a plausible story to account for his presence. The picturesque situation of Châteaudun, with its castle perched on an overhanging bluff under which my road passed, enhanced the romance of the scene, — all was so still, so solemn and grand in the darkness, with now and then a gleam of moonlight breaking through the clouds, and dimly defining the rugged outline of the cliff. There was not a soul to be seen in the street, and I did not dare to knock at a door and ask if the French were in the town or not. At last I met a timid-looking wayfarer, who declared he knew nothing. He had apparently, from some cause or other, lost his head through fear. Then I met another, who told me the French had evacuated the town at least two hours before. On this intelligence I went back to the carriage, and drove briskly on. Then the coachman, who was in mortal fear lest he should drive into the arms of his own countrymen, came to a stop, and refused to go on until the matter was put beyond a doubt. Soon a man came running past us with consternation depicted on his countenance: him we hailed, and without waiting to hear what we had to say, he called out, in an agitated voice, "*Les Prussiens sont entrés!*" This was enough. In a few moments more we heard their bugles, and drove into the square, just as the cavalry was forming in it, and playing a *fanfare* of triumph, to announce the capture of the place. It was a most exciting moment. They had come by another road, and hence we had made our entry into the town almost simultaneously.

I drove rapidly off to the best hotel, and as I sat down to my comfortable dinner in a warm room, waited upon in the most obsequious manner by the proprietor himself, I thought of the poor fellows camping out only four miles distant, and felt that, after all, the lot of a war correspondent in the field, and the independence he enjoyed, possessed advantages denied occasionally to a general of division. My campaign was now draw-

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ing to a close, and I have only one more adventure of interest to narrate. Experience had made me tolerably bold in the matter of forcing myself upon reluctant hosts, and claiming their hospitality. I had put up with well-to-do farmers, with humble peasants, with unprotected girls, with priests, with a lyric artist, with a retired naval surgeon, with shopkeepers, tavern-keepers, citizens, and *bourgeois* of all grades, but I had not yet been a guest of the aristocracy. The army was quartered in a miserable village one night, when I ventured to push ahead and look for better accommodation than it afforded. I went for nearly a mile beyond the advanced outposts, and was just making up my mind to present myself at the door of a cottage when I observed a handsome and venerable pile of buildings to my right, a little off the road, and evidently the residence of a noble of high degree. Here I determined to risk a reception. Of course all the proprietor had to do, if he did not fancy my appearance, or approve of my occupation, was to make a prisoner of me, and forward me on without delay to the nearest French post. At the same time the Germans were not a mile off, — some of them would probably be quartered upon him the following day; and I knew that this prospect was so demoralizing to the ordinary French mind, that the chances were a thousand to one in favor of the greatest politeness being extended towards me, unless, indeed, which was still more probable, the family had evacuated the premises. I therefore drove boldly up the short avenue, and was about to knock at the door, when a respectable-looking, white-headed old man, the seneschal, apparently, of the castle, came out of a cottage at the entrance to a well-laid-out garden, and asked me what I wanted. I promptly replied, board and lodging for myself, and stabling and forage for my horses for the night. This, he regretted, was impossible: the family were away, and he had strict orders not to admit any one in their absence. I told him he might obey his orders by watching me break in; but as the Prussians would certainly occupy the premises the following day, and as they were now in the neighboring village, he had better save me the trouble, and preserve the locks, by turning the key in them. I moreover, announced my intention of paying him for everything I took, besides giving him a liberal *douceur*, and a good character to my German friends. This settled the question. He begged me to remain outside while he

went into the castle to make some necessary preparations; and a quarter of an hour afterwards he returned, and opening the front door, led me into a handsome hall, and up a carved old wooden staircase, along various passages, to a large oak-panelled room, in which was a huge old-fashioned four-post bed, and an antique fireplace, capacious enough to roast a sheep, framed in an elaborate setting of finely carved work. The walls of the old castle were of immense thickness; and the narrow mullioned windows let in such a dim, religious light, that, as it was growing dusk, I suggested that candles should be lighted. With these, presently, the seneschal returned, bearing a pair of heavy silver candlesticks, and followed by a boy staggering under a burden of logs, the sight of which rejoiced my heart that cold winter night. Soon a gigantic fire was crackling on the hearth, throwing a ruddy glow over the massive oak table in the middle of the room, the stiff, high-backed chairs to match, and the heavy red damask curtains which surrounded the bed. The walls of the room were panelled to the ceiling with oak, and were adorned with two old family portraits of a knight in armor, and a lady in powder and a stomacher. The sight of all this gave me a luxurious and aristocratic feeling in keeping with the surroundings, and I proceeded to order dinner on a somewhat grand scale. This rather seemed to wound the feelings of the seneschal, who said that monsieur might trust him to provide a dinner worthy the reputation of the family whom he had the honor to serve, without his troubling himself to order it; and in less than two hours he was as good as his word. I cannot, at this distance of time, remember of what the various *plats* consisted, but I distinctly remember his inquiring whether I wished for champagne or Burgundy, or both; and upon my replying that the latter alone would satisfy me, he brought me a *crue*, the recollection of which dwelt on my palate for many days after. The old gentleman stood behind my chair while I did justice to this sumptuous repast, expatiating on the virtues of the noble family he served, whose name he gave me, and telling me of the varied misfortunes which had befallen them, until now the only representatives of this once celebrated house were a young girl and her grandfather, both of whom had taken refuge from the troubles which had overtaken the country in the south of France. At last he cleared away the *dé-*

bris of the feast; and after putting more logs on the fire, asking me if the bed was made to my satisfaction, and if I required anything more, he took his departure. I gazed upon the cheerful blaze with a feeling of profound satisfaction, as I smoked my post-prandial pipe; and then, on looking round the old room, sentiments of curiosity got the better of me, and I determined to explore the château. So I sallied forth with a candle, and found my way to the grand staircase. This I descended, and after opening several doors in vain, came upon the reception-rooms, drawing-room, sitting-room, dining-room, the furniture of which was all covered. Then I went along more passages on the ground-floor, and reached apparently a very old part of the house, for one door opened on a circular stone stair, the steps of which were well worn, and which descended into subterranean regions. It was getting on towards midnight, and a ghostly feeling crept over me as I felt the cold, damp air strike me from what seemed vaults. My candle nearly blew out, and I knew if it did, that I should never find my way back to my cosy chamber. The first room I came to was an empty vault, with a stone floor and walls, from which led a dark stone passage, which I knew must be a tunnel under ground. This I followed till it was choked with a mass of *débris* that had fallen in from above. As I got back to the stone room, I heard a loud noise behind me in the passage I had left, and which I knew was empty. My hair stood on end, and I felt all my flesh creep; but this was the result of a chill, and not of fear. Nevertheless I hurried up the winding stair, and must have inadvertently passed the door by which I entered it, for I went up a great many more steps than I had come down, and when I did reach a door, it opened into a room I had not previously been in—a remarkably quaint and ancient apartment. On the walls some tapestry hung in shreds, and in the centre was an antique bed, covered with cobwebs. It was uncanny in the highest degree; and it became clear to me that I had got into the haunted part of the house. I fancied I heard noises in every direction—in fact, I am sure I did, but they may have been rats. I got out of this room as soon as I could, and found myself in a passage, which ended abruptly in a blank wall. There were some doors opening off it, and some

of these I tried, but they were all locked. I now began to despair of ever finding my way back to my comfortable bed. While I was standing hesitating which door to try next, I heard, beyond all doubt, the noise of furniture being moved in a room behind me. I decided upon boldly dashing into it if I could force the lock, and facing the spirit or exorcising him—or her—as the case might be. I did so: the handle turned, the door opened, and I heard a little scream as I looked into a well-lighted apartment. Instead of a ghost, I saw seated, in an armchair by the fire, a very old man, with finely-cut features and long, flowing, white locks—and on a stool by his side a beautiful girl of seventeen or eighteen. I instantly guessed that I was in the presence of the marquis himself, and his granddaughter, and poured out a torrent of profuse apologies. I had the less difficulty in doing this, as having prepared myself to speak to a ghost, it was a relief to address a human being, and my words came fluently. The poor girl was as terrified as if I had been the ghost—but the old man calmed her and accepted my excuses with dignity. I was going on to expatiate upon the dreadful exigencies of war, when the old seneschal came rushing in. He was paralyzed for a moment when he saw me talking to his master, whom he had told me was in the south of France, but he was too much agitated by other matters to dwell much on this. "A body of Uhlans had come to quarter themselves in the château, and what was he to do?" I comforted the marquis and his granddaughter by promising to get rid of them. As they proved to be only half-a-dozen men with a serjeant, I was fortunate enough, after much parleying, to succeed in doing this—to the immense joy of the seneschal. I sent him back to the marquis with a message that I would not intrude upon him again at present, but would take the liberty of paying my respects next morning. This I did, and we got on so well that I remained to a twelve o'clock *déjeuner*, and was afterwards the means of rendering them some service at headquarters. If I were not the most veracious of war correspondents, I should weave a palpable romance out of this episode, and finish it up by describing the lovely Sidonie as looking smilingly over her husband's shoulder, as he pens these lines. Alas! she is another's.

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. FARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

CHAPTER I.

"Il faut que les notions de l'honnête et du déshonnéte soient bien étrangement brouillées dans sa tête; car il montre ce que la nature lui a donné de bonnes qualités sans ostentation, et ce qu'il en a reçu de mauvaises sans pudeur."

THE fierce sun of August had all day long held Venice in its close embrace; but now that five o'clock had struck, the piazza, which during the midday heat had been deserted, began to show signs of life again.

"Between the columns," spot of evil omen, two Englishmen were standing bidding each other good-bye. One — on his way to Padua — was leaving by the evening train; the other — after the fashion of birds who a while on the wing stay their flight — was stopping at Venice. That morning neither had ever seen or spoken to the other, but the casual mention of Dr. North's name had set Mr. Veriker thinking, and ridding himself of his daughter by sending her to the Lido, he had hurried off to the Hotel Luna, and asked the favor of an interview with the great London physician. His request was granted, the two had since spent the remainder of the day together, and now they were parting like old friends.

"I cannot thank you half enough for the kindness you have done me," Mr. Veriker was saying.

"But no, don't speak of it in that way. I only wish I had had something more pleasant to say to you. Unhappily," and oh! what popularity that sigh and sympathetic shake of the head had gained him, "it is the misfortune of doctors to give people unpalatable things to swallow."

"Truths are for the most part apt to be unpalatable."

"Perhaps so; and yet to my mind it is always best to know the truth. The thing does not happen one whit the sooner because some one has said that some day it must come to pass. Besides," laying his hand encouragingly on his companion's shoulder, "we are not infallible; doctors differ."

"And patients die."

"Ah! that end comes to all of us; to me as well as to you. Many whom I have warned will be taking my physic long after I am under ground. So remember; live carefully, avoid excitement, and we shall meet in London."

He walked away. Mr. Veriker watched

him out of sight; then turning round, he mechanically bent his steps towards the starting-place of those little "black steam-tugs," which, to the great scandal of Mr. Ruskin, convey the people of Venice to the Lido.

"You may die any day." The words, without any especial meaning for him, kept repeating themselves in Mr. Veriker's ears. "Die any day" — die — lay dead, stretched motionless and mute, while all the busy world went on around.

The host of speculations which followed this thought arrested Mr. Veriker's steps. Unconsciously he stopped short, leaned his elbows on a bit of rail which ran near, and threaded the mazes of a life of fifty years, while gazing down into the water which flowed below: seeing a boy — fruit of an ill-assorted marriage — neglected, uncared for, with a father grown old and selfish, and a mother too young and thoughtless to take trouble in shaping a nature which only needed love to guide its course aright; seeing a youth, headstrong, impatient, refusing all control from those who he knew had prophesied that their advice would be thrown away; seeing a man after thirty years of life — spent now matter how — trying to start afresh, for the reason that on him was fixed the faith and trust of one whose love could see no failure. Alas! how many stumbles he had made which that dear heart had shut her eyes to — and his own growing dim, obscured the rest of the sad picture, for all too soon death had claimed her for his own, and the husband, and the child that she had borne him, had had to learn to live without her. Yes; she had died.

Surely, in all the years that had passed since then, never had Mr. Veriker seen his wife so bodily — the magic power of memory brought before him the room, its furniture, with all those dread accessories by which death is made more terrible. "Good God!" standing erect he made a gasp for breath, for in that momentary vision the lighted candles, the heavy-perfumed flowers, the leaden weight of that o'erspreading sheet had seemed to stifle him, and sighing audibly he took off his hat, so that the little seaward-wafted breeze might fan him more readily; then knitting himself together by a movement which seemed to assert the power of motion, he walked towards the steamboat with a quick step, as if to outstride the shadow which stalked behind him.

That reverie of his had eaten into more time than he had an idea of — it had made

a good hole in an hour — and seven o'clock struck as he passed through the bathing establishment on to the balcony in search of his daughter. On an evening such as this, one was sure to find a crowd assembled here, and Mr. Veriker's eyes ran over the heads of those seated at the numerous little tables, to skirt the railing, over and against which a line of people stood lounging.

"Ah!" His face told that he had found what he sought, that his eyes were resting upon those they had been looking for. Mr. Veriker was a singularly handsome man, and the pause he had made had attracted the notice of a party of diners, who smiled significantly as they saw him suddenly walk straight across to an opposite point, and by a rather brusque movement place himself between a young man and a girl, who were thus separated.

"And what may you two people be talking about together, eh?" His eyes, which had rapidly scanned both faces, while his elbows widened the distance between them, now plunged themselves into the sea.

"Why, papa, it's you. I was just going to fire up at the rude monster," and she snuggled herself up against him, "who had pushed himself in between us two; and look at Jack's face, isn't it red? that will tell you what he intended to do."

"I expected to find you wondering what had become of me." Mr. Veriker's voice sounded as unusually stern as his manner was unusually odd. But his daughter, accustomed only to the perfect good fellowship which reigned between them, set this down to the probable worry of the business engagement for which her father had left her.

"I *was* wondering," she said. "I came out of the water very early indeed, and I could not think what had become of you."

"I had no idea myself that I should be kept until seven o'clock."

"Seven o'clock! Was that seven that struck? Why, I thought it was five — didn't you? did you think it was seven, Jack?"

"Not until I heard the clock I didn't."

"Just fancy that! We're a nice pair together, aren't we? Papa, what do you think?"

"Think, my dear? That I wish you wouldn't call our friend here Jack. You know, you are growing up — you're getting quite a woman now, and there are some things that'll have to be left off: that are not quite in keeping — are they?" and though he did not raise his eyes, his

head slightly turned towards the young man in question.

"Really, I have never given the matter any consideration" — the answer came a little stiffly. "I don't quite remember how it happened, but it would seem as strange for her now not to call me Jack, as if I didn't call her Robin."

There was a few minutes' pause, broken at length by the anxious inquiry of, "Don't you feel well, papa?"

"Well, my dear! Certainly I feel well — what should make you ask such a question?"

Mr. Veriker no longer lounged, but drew himself up into an erect position.

"Oh! I know. You want your dinner. I'm starving, and so is Ja—" she drew back at the end of the name, made a dumb show of swallowing it down, and then, with a look of mimic pleading to her father, said, "You really must let me off, papa, I can't call him Mr. Dorian, not while he looks as he does now."

"I don't see anything at all particular in his look now."

"Don't you? but I fancy there is though, and about my look too, by the way people have been staring at us."

"Staring at you, if you like," put in Jack by way of mending matters.

"At me! well, I don't see there is more to look at in me than in you. This dress has got a little bit skimpy perhaps," and by the movement she made she tried to lengthen it down; "and the water hasn't improved the color of my hat, but the shape is all right," and having taken it off, she surveyed it critically, "perfectly" placing it on again. "So there."

The eyes of both men turned upon her. Jack Dorian smiled; Mr. Veriker's face twitched.

"Why do you go about dressed like this, Robin?" he said. "You ought to have some new clothes."

"But I shall be delighted to have some new clothes, if you can find any money to pay for them; and if there is anything to spare, perhaps you'll be generous to Jack, and then I may find it possible to call him *Mr. Dorian*."

Jack rubbed his hand over his coat, and fell to examining it about the elbows.

"I can't think how it is the confounded things wear out as they do. I'm sure they used to last much longer," he said. "Upon my life, though, I didn't know I was quite as seedy-looking as I am."

"My dear fellow, we're all in about the same condition," and Mr. Veriker cast a rueful eye upon his own garments.

"And what if we are?" and Robin drew herself up. "We're by long odds the best-looking people here. As for you, daddy, you're the handsomest man in all the world, everybody knows that—and this afternoon some one told me," and she threw a mischievous look towards Jack, "that there was not another girl in the place half as good-looking as I am; so it's hard if we two can't manage to pass off a bad third between us."

Jack's face had got rather red, but already—pretending to descry in the distance her most devoted waiter—Robin was off, and the two men were left together alone. Mr. Veriker gave a shake of his head.

"You shouldn't put such thoughts into her head," he said; "girls find out things of that sort far too soon."

"But you know that I would not say a word to her that I thought you would not approve of. You may trust me for that."

"My dear fellow, I *have* trusted you already."

"And I have in no way abused your trust."

"No, I don't believe you have. God grant that I have not abused my own; but it's a difficult task for an idle man like me to have the entire guidance of a young girl like Robin. I did not feel it when she was a child; but now—when—oh, the thing won't bear a thought. Come along," hurrying off, "let's look after our dinner; perhaps that will drive the blues away. Somehow I've got a fit of them on me to-day that I can't get rid of."

But though the dinner was a marvel in the art of discreet ordering, Mr. Veriker, impatient to be seated, had no appetite to partake of it. Jack, with forethought for which a look from Robin blessed him, feigned it impossible to get on unless they had a little better wine; but the wine there, Mr. Veriker drank but a small share of it.

"No," he said, "it's only that the sun has been hot, and that heat tries me now. I thought I should be all right this evening when I got out here, but somehow I can't rise to the occasion."

"Don't let us stop here any longer: let's go back and sit in the piazza. The band will be playing, and we could have some ices."

"That doesn't sound half bad, does it, Robin?"

"It is the very thing I was wishing for."

All that her father desired, and lately much that Jack Dorian had wanted to do,

was safe to be the very thing Robin was wishing for. Hers was that woman nature whose pleasure comes from those she loves being pleased.

Accustomed by the habits of their wandering life to make many friends, not one among them had ever been what Jack Dorian was to her. Their acquaintance had commenced at Nice some three winters before, when Robin, looked on as a child by the men who visited her father, had been singled out by Jack to tease, to pet, to romp with. Small for her age, she was then fourteen; she had so grown since, that now at seventeen she was quite a woman; and some weeks before, with thoughts of this kind floating in her mind, Robin had taken from beneath her chin a flower which Jack had given her to fasten there, and holding it in her hand, had fixed her eyes on it, bringing it nearer and nearer to her lips, until for an instant it lay pressed against them, then, with a sudden glow which sent the color mounting up from cheek to brow, she threw it out of the open window, and turning, quickly ran away, still blushing at she knew not what.

The memory of this little action gave her manner when next they met a half-shy consciousness, with just that suspicion of embarrassment a lover is so proud to seize upon. Not that Jack had any thought of being Robin's lover—at least the notion had not come to him until the moment when her coy glance sent a sudden thrill which set his heart beating, and shot from out his eyes a fire which Robin's lids drooped under.

Since that day, children playing with edged tools the two had been; Robin by turns silent, elated, shy, defiant; Jack—it is difficult to analyze what Jack felt; he was twenty-five, and imagined that he had had a good experience in the tender passion. What then was this sudden feeling that he had for Robin? not love—that is if he had ever known love before; not friendship—he could not deceive himself so far as that. Was it brotherly affection, sympathy, compassion perhaps? Yes, all of these, and with them all a something so far beyond, that it outstripped the rest and left him doubtful as before.

CHAPTER II.

"And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay."

MIDNIGHT had struck, and Mr. Veriker, who at ten o'clock had declared him-

self too tired to remain out any longer, was still up and abroad.

At the door of the hotel — to Robin's surprise — instead of going in with her, he proposed taking a turn in Jack Dorian's company. He would "have a cigar," he said — he had not wanted one before, he had been fidgeting to get home; now that he was there, he felt it was useless going to bed — he should not sleep. Perhaps a smoke might help to it.

"He isn't himself," thought Jack, as they strolled through the Merceria in the direction of the Rialto, "something has gone wrong with him;" and jumping at the conclusion that this something must be money, he ran over his resources with a view of rendering any help that was in his power. It did not strike him that this generosity towards a man who had no claim upon him was very foreign to his nature; the desire to assist Mr. Veriker was so spontaneous, that it seemed to take the shape of a necessity, and Jack was all anxiety to learn the extent of the demand.

Knowing by experience how difficult it is to make the first plunge, he was prepared for some preamble; and, though he did not quite see how the bush was to be beaten round by entering upon a dissertation upon Venice, its past glory and its present decay, he did his part of listener with a manly grace. But when an hour had gone, the whole time of which had been spent in walking, and they were back again on the Riva dei Schiavoni with the subject no nearer than it had seemed at starting, Jack's patience began to give way. What did it mean? Had he made a mistake? Did Mr. Veriker tell nothing because he had nothing to tell? If so, they had mooned about quite as long as, that night, Jack had a mind for; he was tired, sleepy, would light up one more cigar to last him as far as the hotel, and then drop a quiet hint that it was time they began to move homewards.

"I thought you'd want to stop here" — they were crossing the Ponte della Paglia. "I can never go by without having a look at that place."

Mr. Veriker's eyes were turned towards the Bridge of Sighs. "To think of those," he said, "who have crossed over there with the song of death sounding in their ears."

"Ah!" and Jack leaned over to watch the descent of his fusée as it dropped into the dark water below, "that's a music we none of us care much for."

"And yet we have to listen whether we like it or not."

"When our time comes I suppose we have."

"And who knows how soon that may be? Death has so many doors to let out life."

"True! but he's not in any immediate hurry to open yours or mine just yet, I hope."

"Oh! I don't know. If I was alone in the world, I should not much care. Life has not so many charms left for me."

He had taken up his place by Jack's side, and was resting his arms on the stonework.

"The sting of death in my case is having to leave a girl fatherless, friendless, penniless, as Robin will be."

"Yes, that's a serious consideration."

Jack's face became thoughtful. Robin alone, unprotected! His heart grew big towards her. "But long before anything of that sort is likely to happen," and his tone sounded prophetically confident, "she is certain to have some one to fill your place."

"Fill my place! how fill my place?"

Jack smiled. Already he foresaw the rivalry that was likely to exist between Robin's husband and her father.

"Why, you expect her to marry, don't you? — she'll have a husband!"

"Nothing more unlikely," said Mr. Veriker sharply. "Whom does she see, in the life we lead, that I should care for her to marry? No, no, the husband I want for Robin is a simple, honest fellow, who would work to maintain his wife, not such an one as myself, living God knows how."

Without a syllable on which he could lay hold being spoken, Jack felt an arrow had been aimed at him.

"It is to be hoped you will find your daughter's taste runs with your own," he said cynically.

"No, I don't expect that. Robin is too much her mother's child to take prudence for a guide where her heart is concerned. And that is why I have felt a little disturbed at you and she being so much together as you have of late. Not on your account. You have seen too much of life to give a second thought to a girl like Robin, and I don't harbor a suspicion that you would trifle in any way with her. But — well, there's a woman's heart beating inside the child, full of love to be poured out like water at the touch of the one who places his finger on the right spring, and — it may be only my fancy —

but I have thought her a little altered of late, preoccupied, variable, silent. I dare say it's my imagination, but it has nevertheless managed to give me a considerable amount of worry."

The dark cloud which had gathered on Jack's face rolled away while listening to that birth of love begotten of himself, as he knew it to be.

"Don't be anxious because you think I do not care for Robin," he began, and the softened tone of his voice was but another whip to goad on Mr. Veriker's fears. "I —"

"Should be fifty thousand times more anxious if I thought you did," interrupted Mr. Veriker quickly. "No, my dear fellow, don't misunderstand me, the confidence I place in you is my sheet-anchor; I know you well enough to be quite certain that, seeing what Robin's position is — without anyone to guide her, and nobody to look after her but a scapegrace of a father, who leaves her entirely to her own devices — you would be the last to take advantage of my supineness or her situation."

"I don't know that taking an advantage ever occurred to me," said Jack stiffly.

"Certainly it never did, and it never would to an honorable man, and in spite of what the strait-laced may find to say against us, we haven't quite forgotten the meaning of that word, at all events in our dealings one with the other, eh?"

Jack did not answer, but inwardly he winced under words which jarred on his inmost sensibilities, and set his pride in array. He ranked with Veriker! a man whose weak nature and shifty morality he despised; the sting was indeed bitter. True, for the last twelve months or so, it had happened that they had been greatly thrown together; but Jack considered the space between them in no way narrowed by the intercourse.

"What am I to understand?" he said. "Is it that you wish me to go away from here?" — all thought of love for Robin had fled before the bare suspicion that any offer on his part was not an immense condescension, one he had intended to hamper with restrictions and conditions such as became the surroundings he had been brought up in, rather than those by which he was now encircled.

"Away! no, certainly not. What I meant was not to be, well — quite so much with her as you are."

"Who is to be with her, then?" and Jack put the question harshly. "Do you wish her to run the place over by herself?"

— it was because of the bathing and the boating here together that you pressed me to come."

"Yes! yes! I know," and Mr. Veriker gave a despondent shake of the head, "it's my own fault, as everything that has gone wrong in my life has been. Jack, I wonder sometimes you don't take warning by me. I wish to God you would — I should like to think I'd done somebody some good before I — die." The word was forced out by an effort, but the effort was lost upon Jack.

"Oh, no doubt you'll do your daughter a good turn," he said, "if you succeed in finding this model son-in-law for yourself."

"Ah, yes! now your back's up because of the way I took what you said about Robin." (Jack was in the habit of giving his friends an occasional taste of a not over-easy temper.) "But you don't know all the reasons I have for speaking as I did — you don't know that it's on the cards — for the little we have goes when I'm gone — that any moment — to-night, to-morrow, whenever you like to name — without word or warning she may be left destitute."

"How?" and Jack turned with a sceptical look; but something he saw arrested his further speech. Mr. Veriker, overcome by the agitation of giving vent to the secret which all that day had hung on him like a log, had turned deathly white with a pallor visible in the moonlight; his features were drawn; his lips, rigid and parted, seemed striving to keep back the groans which the agony he was suffering would have made a relief.

"You're ill — faint," exclaimed Jack.

By a gesture of the hand, which was clutched over his heart, Mr. Veriker indicated that the sudden spasm of unendurable pain was already abating.

"Better now," he gasped in answer to Jack's anxious scrutiny, "it will pass in a minute," and the tension of his limbs giving way, he dropped his head upon his arms and let his face rest on them.

"Poor fellow!" thought Jack, "there's something in this; he is really ill," and a moment after, when Mr. Veriker recovered and looked up, he was met by an expression of earnest sympathy.

"I frightened you," he said with a poor attempt at smiling.

"I wasn't prepared to see you like this," Jack answered; "have you ever been taken so before?"

"Several times — not always so severe, but on and off very bad. No going to

Monte Carlo this winter, Jack. Couldn't stand the tables, the excitement would kill me. I do pretty well while things go on smoothly; but get anxious, and it's all up with me. Any day I might drop down and 'give in my chips,' as the Yankees say. I mean it," for Jack looked incredulous. "Though I didn't tell you so, I went to see North this morning, and asked him to speak out, to tell me the truth — because of Robin, you know; and though, as he said, I might hang on for years, he advised me if I had any affairs to settle, to put them in order."

"Well, I think he was wise there; and you'll do so, won't you? It will save you anxiety, besides being the right thing to do for your daughter."

Mr. Veriker sighed.

"Poor child," he said, "it's late in the day to try and begin to set the wrong I have done her right. I haven't a penny to leave her; I haven't a friend to trust her to. Oh! I see it all now: my cursed selfishness kept her with me, when I ought to have given her up to those who at least could have provided her with food to eat, and a roof to shelter her. But no; I wouldn't part with her, and now I dare say they'd see her starve before they'd hold out a finger to help her."

"Have you tried them?"

"No, it's been on my mind to write for the last month and more, but I can't swallow down my pride; it seems to stick in my gizzard more and more."

"Are they relations of yours?"

"After a fashion they are. It's the husband of Robin's mother's sister. I like to make the connection as round-about as I can — it puts the fellow further from me. He's a brute that turns everything into money that he touches."

"Ah!" sighed Jack, "I wish he'd rub shoulders with me then."

"It wouldn't matter — whatever came of it would stick to him. Soon after my wife died, they offered to take Robin; but I wouldn't let her go, and as they took it as a mortal offence, since then we haven't troubled each other much."

"But if they knew, don't you think they'd take her now?"

"Do you think she'd leave me?"

"Oh, they could hardly expect that, but in case of anything happening to you, people could hardly see their sister's child cast on the world a beggar, without coming forward to assist her in some way."

"Oh, I don't know — besides, the sister herself is dead now, so the claim is less than ever."

"Still, you seem to have had some idea of writing to ask."

"Simply because I don't know of any other thing to do; and when I'm driven into a corner by the thought of that girl with her looks, and her spirit, left alone in the world, without a living soul to turn to, Jack, I could pray God to see her dead rather than leave her to all that she may be exposed to. They might find her a situation — something to do, mightn't they?"

Jack made no reply.

"She can chatter away in French and Italian, you know; and she has picked up — the Lord only knows how — to play on the piano, and she's got a voice like a nightingale. Something might be made of all that, one would think, eh? what should you say?"

Jack shook his head impatiently.

"I haven't an idea," he said. "What I'm wondering at is that you, knowing all this, should have stopped what you fancied I might be going to say as you did. What made you do it, eh?"

"About your having a liking for her, do you mean?"

Jack nodded assent.

Mr. Veriker seemed about to answer, hesitated, cast a furtive look at Jack, and then, apparently overcome by a resolution which mastered him, he said firmly, —

"Well, I'll tell you: you're too much like myself — you don't like that, do you?" for Jack had drawn himself up and stood his six feet erect. "I understand. There was a time when I shouldn't have liked it. When I was your age, there were men then whom, I said, I could never be like; but gradually I slid down to their level, as you'll do to mine. Mine! far lower than mine, for as you have the making of a better man in you than ever I had in me, so if nothing stops you, you'll fall to a depth I never should have touched; and that's why I don't want the child to care for you, as something makes me half afraid she has already begun to do. It isn't that I don't like you, Jack. If it wasn't for Robin I'd rather have you about with us than any fellow I know, but —"

"There's no need to say any more," said Jack coldly, "you've given me quite reasons enough."

"And I've offended you by them. That's what I feared I should do if I spoke the truth."

"No, I am not at all offended, if it is any satisfaction to you. I am very much obliged. You have shown me what it is

always good for us to know — how we are regarded by other people."

Did he mean what he said? was he angry or not? Sometimes with Jack it was very difficult to decide, and Mr. Veriker was still trying to discover, when Jack added, —

"And to show how obliged I am to you, I shall try to hit on some plan so as to leave Venice as soon as possible."

"What — leave here altogether?"

"Isn't that the best thing I can do?"

Mr. Veriker was silent.

"I suppose it is," he said at length.

"I don't know, though, how Robin and I shall get on without you — we've got so used to being all together, it seems hard to part. But there, perhaps it's best — I don't know."

"By far the best," said Jack resolutely.

"I feel now that I ought to have gone away long ago. I had no right to stay on when I knew I had nothing to offer Robin. If I had, I should ask her now to share it with me."

"Thank you, Jack," said Mr. Veriker more heartily, "it's kind of you to say that, and I wish I could show you that I feel it so."

"Write that letter then about Robin to those people you spoke of."

"You advise it, do you?"

"In your place I would do it without a day's delay."

"Come along then, I'll go back home and write it to-night. If a thing's to be done, they say there's no time like the present. A hundred to one if I leave it hanging over me until to-morrow, I shall never do it at all."

From St. James's Gazette.

A GRACIOUS PLOUGHING.

LIKE the "royal elder brother" of China, the king of Burma ought to go out once a year to plough the fields. Theebau did not do it during the first two years of his reign, and, as far as I am aware, was equally heedless of ancient custom this year also. The consequences ought to have been disastrous. According to tradition the failure of the Let-twin Mingala to come off should have caused a drought all over the country. But the *moh hhoung* did not ensue; on the contrary there was *moh khoung thee*. An aspirate makes all the difference between a water famine and seasonable showers.

Theebau goes very little indeed out of his palace. The annals of his country supply too many instances of kings who, having gone abroad, found on their return to the palace gates that a usurper had taken possession of the throne in the mean time, and had no better greeting for his predecessor than a short shrift and a red velvet sack for the Irrawaddy. This unlovable custom has had great weight with Theebau; but it is unwise of him to entirely abandon so venerable a custom as the Let-twin Mingala. It was a very picturesque fête, pleased the people, and offered a valuable opportunity for squeezing money out of them. The late king, Mindohn Min, never omitted it, even when he was grown old and portly and little able to follow the slow-stepping bullocks. The ceremony took place in the beginning of June, about the time when the south-west monsoon usually breaks in Mandalay. The order went forth that the king would come out on such and such a day, and the people were all enjoined to get ready. Not to see him — far from it. The *amehndaw* was issued in order that the heads over ten houses, the *tseh-eing-goungs*, might see that the road in their district was in proper order, and that the yazamat had not got out of repair. The yazamat, or king's fence, is a kind of lattice paling put up in every street in the walled town, and in any of those in the suburbs through which the king is likely at any time to pass. It is formed of thick diagonal spars made into hurdles, which are lashed to heavy posts sunk in the ground at regular intervals. The whole is whitewashed, and often flower-pots stand on the top of the posts to enliven the structure a little; and it certainly wants enlivening a good deal. The lattice fence undoubtedly looks very neat and tidy, as a long road lined with Lombardy poplars does; but it gets terribly tiresome when you find all the streets looking the same, with this six-foot high, heavy wood fence standing within a couple of feet or so of the walls of the houses, and shutting out all view of those edifices. It has, however, to be kept in constant repair, and the house-reeve has to go round carefully to see that none of the whitewash has been rubbed off, or any of the transverse bars sprung with the sun. Behind these the entire populace must stay when the king or any one of the queens goes out. Woe betide the wretch who is caught outside them when the procession has started. He may consider himself lucky

if he escapes with only a belaboring from the furies of the shrieking lictors. No one is supposed even to look through the little diamond-shaped holes. As a matter of fact they do; but by way of condoning for the offence, they render it more difficult by planting flowering shrubs between the bamboo houses and the lattice-work.

The procession on the route out to the *let-ya*, the royal acre, to be ploughed is magnificent. The king is clad in all his robes of state: the *putso* with the *doung yorp*, the peacock sacred to royalty; the long silk tunic, so thickly crusted with jewels that its color cannot be seen; the *tharapoo*, the spire-like crown, also a mass of precious stones; the twenty-four strings of the Order of the Salway across his breast; and over his forehead the gold plate, or frontlet. The great gates at the foot of the stairs from the Hall of Audience are opened for him. Except the king no one may pass through them; there is the low red postern at the side for meaner beings—a shrewd device to make every one bow the head to the palace, whether he likes it or not. His Majesty mounts the white elephant, which none save he can ride—for is not the noble creature a king himself?

The king mounts the Lord White Elephant at the palace of the latter, just in front of the Hall of Audience; but the princes and ministers, all of whom come to attend the great function in their robes of state, may not ascend their cattle till the stockade of the Nandau has been passed. Then they fall into line in order of precedence, the Woons and Woon-douks wearing their official mitres—tall red velvet hats with the top curved back like a nautilus, and the base surrounded with a row of gilt spear-heads. The long crimson velvet cassocks edged with rich brocade are also worn, and every one parades all the umbrellas, gold or vermilion or green, that he is entitled to. Thus they pass through the official town into the suburbs. The road taken is that by the east gate, whence in a line with the steps of the Hall of Audience, a broad road runs straight away to the blue Shan hills; or at least to where, in the late king's reign, the great Yankeen-toung Pagoda was being built, a few miles from where the hills rise, steep as out of a lake, from the flat rice-lands. A death-like stillness prevails after the procession has passed the two timber guard-houses, between the tall columns of the eastern gate,

surmounted by fantastic, triple-roofed, teak pavilions, looking like Chinese joss-houses with their flamboyant carvings. The people are no doubt all there, gazing, between the lines of soldiers that line the royal path all the way, at the king and the splendor of his retinue; but they are not to be seen, and no one so much as sneezes. Thus the richly carved and gilt Royal Monastery is passed on the left; and immediately afterwards comparatively open ground is reached, stretching out on either side of the high raised road. A little farther on, half a mile or so from the eastern gate, the selected portion of the Lef-dau-gyee is reached. Ploughs stand ready in a long row, extending away as far as one can see; for all the princes and ministers must plough as well as the king. The royal plough is thickly covered with gold-leaf; the handles are solid gold, studded with diamonds and rubies. The part on which his Majesty stands—for the plough is nothing more than a harrow, with five or six long teeth—is gold, roughened with pearls and emeralds. The milk-white oxen that draw it rival the Lord White Elephant in the splendor of their harness. Crimson and gold bands hook them on; the reins are stiff with jewels, heavy gold tassels hang from the gilt horns. The gold-tipped ox-goad his Majesty wields is covered with diamonds, and flashes like a rod of fire in the sun. The king ploughs a couple of furrows—or, rather, passes the big rake once up and down the rain-sodden field—and then stops; for he is portly and short of breath now. The ministers, no matter how fat they are, have to go on ploughing as long as the arbiter of existences chooses to look on. At last he declares that enough has been done; and preparations are made to go back again. He doffs his royal robes; for the *tharapoo*, with its spire and jewelled ear-flappets, is burdensome, and the long surcoat, with its thousands of precious stones, is said to weigh about a hundred pounds. The Lord White Elephant is relieved too. He stalks back unencumbered, with his household of thirty retainers fussing about him with fans and swaying umbrellas. The king gets into an open car, something like what Roman racing-chariots are represented to have been. It is of course adorned as richly as everything else, and is drawn not by ponies or bullocks but by men, eight of them pulling at each of the flexible shafts. The object is to prevent any one, the driver for example, from sit-

ting higher than the king. The English carriages presented at various times to different Burmese monarchs met with little approval. At first it was thought that the king was to sit on the box; but then it was found that with this arrangement there was nothing for it but that the driver should run by the side. When it was found that the king was supposed to sit inside with the driver four or five feet above him, a burst of indignation suggested that it was an insidious plot to put an insult on the majesty of the lord of the umbrella-bearing chiefs. For a time the vehicles were put away as lumber; but an ingenious handicraftsman adorned them with *payah thats*—five-roofed ecclesiastical or royal spires. They were now, when drawn by men, suitable for royal occupation; but unfortunately the solid teak spires made them top-heavy and especially unstable on rough Mandalay roads. They have therefore degenerated into paraphernalia for exhibition on a Kaday day, or gauds for a procession at Tawadehnta feast time. The king consequently returns in his gilt carriage, reclining on a mattress placed on the floor. He is now dressed in the ordinary national way, with a light linen jacket, and a slender *paulohn* (a fillet of book-muslin wound round his head) showing the thin, white hair tied up in a little knot on the top of his head. The chief ministers are round about fanning him assiduously; and he is in extreme good-humor, chaffing the Kin Woon-gyee, the astute prime minister, on the way he let his bullocks straggle away at random and the difficulties he got into in trying to turn them at the end of the field; while the stout old Naingan-gyah Woondouk is joked about the absurd state of heat he was brought into by his exertions. Possibly, if a venturesome and inquisitive subject were to be seen now, the king might pardon him for his rude gaping. But nobody knows in what temper the king is; and the silence is as death-like as when the party moved out. As soon, however, as the great procession has passed and has wound its way into the palace, the hitherto deserted streets are crowded again. *Puehs* begin with startling suddenness at every corner. Bands strike up; long lines of candles illuminate the streets at nightfall; rockets are let off, fire-balloons ascend, and everything is given up to rejoicing; for the Let-dau-gyee has been graciously ploughed, and the Let-twin Mingala is a presage of abundant crops.

SHWAY YOE.

From The Spectator.

THE CONSTITUENTS OF "PLEASANTNESS."

MR. LOWELL, the American minister, who generally contrives to beat his English friends in saying the happiest thing at meetings where nothing is so desirable as to say what will diffuse a sense of pleasure over all who are present, said on Tuesday, in speaking of Dean Stanley, that the feeling which was prevalent concerning him, brought back to his memory an epitaph on a wife and mother, in the neighborhood of Boston,—“She was so pleasant.” Considered as an epitaph on a wife and mother, we are not sure that that was exactly what one could have wished. It is hardly the mere pleasantness of one so close that we should wish to think of first and chiefly, though one would, of course, desire to feel that it was there. But for the common impression made upon a large number of friends, we do not know that any description could be more grateful. For it implies, of course, a number of qualities that are essential to constitute this apparently superficial pleasantness. There must be sweetness, there must be vivacity and some exuberance of nature, there must be serenity, there must be no root of absorbing restlessness in the nature itself; there must be ease, and even gladness, in going out to meet the nature of others; and there must not be any excess of sensitiveness. If any of the constituents of such graciousness were weaker than the others in the late dean, it was perhaps, the negative condition we mentioned last. Some might have thought him a little too sensitive for the maximum of pleasantness in all kinds of society. Charming in his own world, he was hardly the kind of man, perhaps, to diffuse sunshine where the inclemency of the conditions made him shrink. He had all the spontaneity and impulse to go out of himself to meet others, which is a *sine quâ non* of the higher pleasantness. But if he found himself misinterpreted or unfairly treated, he was hardly the man to take it with the cheerful, airy unconcern of one who felt that that, too, might be rather a subject for humorous amusement than for annoyance. Possessing in the highest degree every other constituent of pleasantness, Dean Stanley's sensitiveness prevented him, perhaps, from overcoming by his pleasantness as much of the unpleasantness of the world at large, as he otherwise might have done. He shone delightfully on those who were grateful

for his rays, but he was not one of the very few who can shine down the squalls which approach them. The buoyancy of his nature was great, but not great enough to overcome what depressed his fastidious susceptibilities, and this often put a stop to their overflow. There is pleasantness which is in great measure dependent on external conditions, and pleasantness which is almost marvellously independent of them; and the dean had the last only where the hostile external conditions were not of a kind to jar his own refined and sensitive sympathies. The unpopularity of his proposal to put a memorial of Prince Louis Napoleon into the Abbey, evidently harassed and distressed him, till he did not see how to maintain his benignity under the painful surprise. But then, the pleasantness which is easily jarred by the unresponsiveness of the outside world is often richer and riper in its kind than the pleasantness which is not jarred by anything of the sort, but which sustains its brightness till it dissipates the alien elements. There is, probably, a finer and more delicate organization about the first species of pleasantness than there is about the second. The mind which shrinks sensitively from misinterpretations responds equally sensitively to every sign of sympathy, while the mind whose pleasantness outshines all storms, will not so often surprise us with the curious beauty of its variable tints. Genius is always a vast addition to pleasantness. And it is rarely indeed that genius is found without a sensitiveness that renders the pleasure it gives us liable to sudden wreck.

And that is, perhaps, one reason why pleasantness in its surest and less fragile form is much commoner among women than among men, for sunshiny women are not unfrequently as sunshiny, we were going to say under the rack, which would be a great deal too strong an expression, as we have not much experience of their behavior under such an application as that, but certainly under toothache, and even under suffering which arises from something which jars their feelings, as they are when the external world is in harmony with their own inner world. Pleasant men rarely attain to such pleasantness as this, and if they do, their pleasantness is apt to be of that ungraded kind to which we have referred as a little less pleasant, though more uniform, than the pleasantness which depends more wholly on sympathetic companions. There are plenty of pleasant women

whose pleasantness is as steady as that of soft lamplight when all around is dark. And no doubt, it springs from a positive pleasure in shedding light on that which is in want of light, while the pleasantness of men usually likes to see itself reflected, as the sunlight is reflected, from every part of the surrounding atmosphere. This is another way of saying that one of the steadiest of the constituents of pleasantness is pure self-forgetfulness, which is certainly rarer in men than it is in women. On the other hand, that buoyancy, that spontaneous and radiant vitality which kindles others most effectually, is certainly more masculine than feminine. For that, you need an insight into others' natures, not merely as tact enters into them, so as to avoid instinctively what is a false note, but as a positive power discerning what there is special and original in them, enables you to enter into them; and that, as yet at least, is even rarer with women than with men. We say even rarer, because it is so excessively rare even in men. Pleasant men who can show themselves off to great advantage are not very few; and while the process of showing themselves off is quite fresh and new to you, — and they often do it with the simplicity and *naïveté* of a child, — they are delightful. But when that enjoyment palls upon you, you find sometimes that you have come to an end of their pleasantness, that they cannot make you feel a new creature, as they made themselves seem new to you. And where this is so, the buoyancy and spontaneity which are so essential to pleasantness are too apt to become fatiguing before long. The late Dean of Westminster's pleasantness was far higher than this. It was precisely in stirring and kindling the nature of others, when that nature was in moral sympathy with his own, that his charm consisted. Only the limits were well marked beyond which the deficiency of such moral sympathy exhausted his genial power. He combined rather remarkably the disinterested sweetness of women, with that redundant life of the fancy and imagination that enters into and vivifies the nature of others; only, he had not quite as much of the power of shining steadily into unanswering darkness as pleasant women generally have; he was oppressed by the gloom, till his own light began to dwindle. Still, it was not wounded vanity, as it so often is, which caused this depression, for he never sought to show himself off, only to kindle others. It was rather jarred

nerves, the shrinking of a sensitive plant from rough handling.

On the whole, we should say that for the lower degrees of true pleasantness, there is needed only genuine disinterestedness combined with a vital pleasure in imparting happiness to others,—a quality, by the way, which does not at all necessarily accompany disinterestedness, indeed, in persons of low general elasticity of nature, you often find a very great disinterestedness that hardly *shines* at all. For the higher kinds of pleasantness, you want these qualities, combined with a touch of imagination and genius that really divines what there is in others to be stirred and kindled. And for the highest of all, you need all these qualities, with a deep and serene benignity that is independent even of an atmosphere of sympathy; and of men or women who have attained anything like this, there are probably not so many as two or three in a century, and for a very good reason,—that it wants something like both saintliness and genius, while saintly genius is necessarily rare.

From The Spectator.

BAD HANDWRITING AND STUPID READERS.

ANECDOTES of ludicrous, or worse than ludicrous mistakes occasioned by bad handwriting are numerous enough. Some of them are as obviously invented as Moore's "freshly-blown noses," for "freshly-blown roses," and others tell strongly of the stupidity of the readers. One of the best, true or false, is that of Horace Greeley, and some other editor. Greeley, as the tale goes, wrote, in his usual scrawl, a letter to this gentleman. The latter wrote an answer, but in his haste put into the envelope for Greeley, Greeley's own letter just received. Greeley, after studying it some time, wrote again to say that as he was quite unable to read it, would his friend kindly repeat his answer in a more legible form? This is an extreme case; but it is a fact that some of our best judges have been unable, after a short time, to read the manuscript of their own judgments.

A small case of the stupid sort comes to us from Jersey. It is said that the lieutenant-governor, General Nicholson, in apologizing for his absence from a temperance meeting, referred to "the need of further restrictions on the sale of

drink;" but that the last few words were read "in the Isle of Drink," and that this led to "indignant protests on the part of certain citizens." This is quoted as a "warning to those who will not take the trouble to write legibly," but it is equally a warning to readers of handwriting to use what brains they may happen to possess. All who have had much experience in the performances of printers and copyists know very well that, though misreadings are fewest when the original manuscript is good, some of the most irritating blunders are extracted from the fairest "copy,"—those, namely, which make a wretched, bastard sense, that perverts the meaning, or enfeebles the style. The reason is obvious; a less strenuous attention is paid to good handwriting than to bad. Even in "setting up" from plain print, strange mistakes are made; for instance, in setting up the last line of "Guinevere" in a review of the "Idylls of the King," the printers of the review, having the book before them, printed, "To where beyond these *vices* there is peace,"—for "voices."

Handwriting bears much blame that does not belong to it. Of course, a man's writing ought to be legible, but allowance must be made for idiosyncrasy, fatigue, illness, or haste. A handwriting without peculiarities is a handwriting without landmarks, or checks upon false reading; and, as absolutely good writing is not to be looked for in the business of life, the dull, schoolboy hand, with no special character in it, is not without its dangers. The very worst manuscript may be made out by a reader who can and will analyze, but those who can and will analyze, are few. Here, as elsewhere, there are not many who find a pleasure in taking trouble, and applying obvious general rules. Take the subject of spelling, for instance. The rule which decides in certain words whether, when the sound is *ee*, the word shall be spelt *ei* or *ie*, is so short and easy, that any one who had no previous knowledge of human dullness would think it utterly impossible that a mistake should ever be made by a writer who had once cast his eye upon the rule; but what the fact is, we have some of us melancholy reasons for knowing. Now, take the case of a badly-written manuscript. You will find a whole group of people fumbling at a sentence, and making, as to one particular obscure word, guesses upon guesses, all of which are simply absurd. When it is demonstrably clear that the missing link must be an adverb, you may hear six

sane men trying nouns or verbs. It may be clear that the dark word must be one of strong praise of a given kind, the dictionary possibilities of the case lying within narrow compass; but scores of false shots will be made, because nobody has the brains or the will to say to himself, "Whatever this word may be, we can positively determine what it is *not*, and so limit our range of guessing." In making out bad manuscript, it is more than half the battle to be able to determine at a glance what the word neither is, nor can by any possibility be.

There are here and there human beings who are by nature incapable of writing a good hand, just as there are others who cannot draw a straight line or a true circle, or even recognize one. But the ugly manuscript of the clumsy-fisted struggler after form is usually very clear. Haste, uneasiness, excessive work, nervous preoccupation, — these are the chief causes of obscure handwriting, with most of us. But when a man's manuscript has once made for itself a fixed character of its own, neither printers nor expert copyists would like it to come round to tame simplicity and correctness. It would be, in another way, the case of the lover with a squint, who ruined his suit by going to the oculist and getting his eyes put straight; the lady could no longer meet his eye in the old, affectionate way, and she dismissed him. Still, there are faults of handwriting which are inexcusable in themselves, and which neither compositor nor copyist can possibly like to see. One of the worst of these is lax practice in putting the strokes to such letters as *m* and *n*. There is no harm in cutting down certain syllables, such as *ment* and *ing*, to mere lines or twirls, but where an attempt is made to express the characters, the number of strokes ought to be uniform. Another practical observation is that *flurried* handwriting gains no time for the writer. A downright lazy scrawl is another matter, and so is that kind of bad writing in which we can see in the badness egotistic self-assertion, or disregard of the eyes and wits of others. It may be laid down that there is much egotism (associated, it may be, with much kindness) in the man who writes a bad hand *which never strives to pick itself up*. But, of course, the rule must be applied with greater or less strin-

gency, according to the amount of work that presses on the producer of the manuscript, his health, his preoccupation, and the activity of his self-consciousness.

The "personal equation" in these matters is quite a curious little study. Mr. Cox, of Nottingham, in his manly and every-way beautiful preface to Mr. Lynch's posthumous "Services," tells us that, in spite of what the preacher used to suffer from the *peine forte et dure* of his malady, and the interruptions it brought, the whole service (sermon and prayers) was sometimes written in a single day. "In copying them out for the press," says Mr. Cox, "I have found that each of them furnishes, in the mere penmanship, a long and hard day's work for a man in good health." Well, supposing the service pretty well composed beforehand, the preacher might, of course, write it out more easily than any one could copy it, unless the latter were a penman practised in swift work. Such a copyist (not a mere law-stationer's man) could do one of these services in five hours; some could do it in four; and the copy would be perfectly fair and clear. Still, the majority of copyists think they have done well when they have got through fifteen folios an hour (a folio is seventy-two words), and at that rate one of these services would take about seven hours to write out. Charles Dickens would certainly have found four hours enough, and we have known clever reporters who were fully up to that, the copy being in every way clear and good. Now, it would take a great deal of overwork, worry, and confusion, to break down into illegibility a handwriting which was capable of that. It is, in good part, a question of physical energy, and something depends upon the question whether the penman works more from the wrist or more from the shoulder. However, in course of time, under the pressure of hard work, every handwriting will come to show scars. Often, the hand of a strong, broad-shouldered man will break down before that of his slighter brother. So long as the scars are honorable scars, got in fair fight with the difficulties of the bureau, the study, or the editor's room, the handwriting will remain legible to all but dull or inattentive eyes, because the characteristic portions of the words will be retained by the penman.